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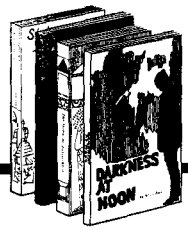

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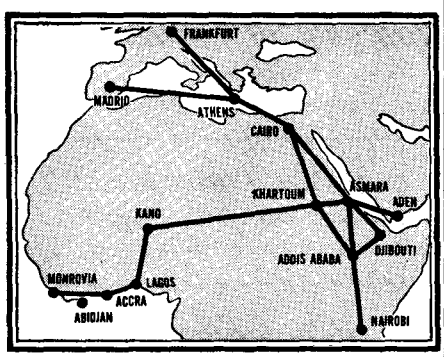

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THE INTERDEPENDENCE of the nations and the institutions of the western alliance is certainly going to survive the recent bitterness at Brussels, and if we want to get on with our jobs we had better stop all the name-calling and try to find out what the real issues were. **Edmond Taylor** describes some of the pressures and policies that went into the making of President de Gaulle's decision to oppose British membership in the Common Market. . . . Indignation over civil rights has been focused on the affairs of the Southern states, but much remains to be done in the North too before racial equality is achieved. An organization of Eastern college students has set out to do something about it. **R. W. Apple, Jr.,** is a writer for the Huntley-Brinkley Report on NBC. . . . **Raymond L. Garthoff** discusses an official review of Russian strategic military policy recently published in the Soviet Union. Mr. Garthoff, professorial lecturer in the Institute of Sino-Soviet Studies at George Washington University, is the author of *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age* (Praeger). . . . The revolution in Yemen has presented both its supporters and its enemies with a series of embarrassing dilemmas. **David Holden** is with the *Guardian* of Manchester. . . . **Bill Berry,** who has contributed art work to *The Reporter* for some years, has just returned from a journey through the Middle East. . . . Amid the uproar caused by Senator Ellender's uncomplimentary remarks during his recent tour in Africa, one of the harshest criticisms of the senator came from Tom Mboya of Kenya. Mboya may well have been seizing the opportunity to show that he was no lackey of the United States, since, as **Stanley Meisler** writes, Washington's friendly attitude toward Mboya is by no means an unmixed blessing for him at home. Mr. Meisler is a Washington newsman who has recently returned from Africa.

Herbert Gold, novelist, short-story writer, and editor, tells what happened when he and a group of other travelers waiting to emplane looked out over the Paris airfield and saw a pillar of smoke rising at the end of a runway. Mr. Gold's latest book is *The Age of Happy Problems* (Dial). . . . **Ward S. Just** reports on the young English satirists whose revue, "The Establishment," is said to have amused Washington political circles. . . . **Michael Harrington,** whose recent book, *The Other America: Poverty in the United States* (Macmillan), has attracted much attention, reports from Paris, where he listened to a Russian poet's reading of his work. Andrei Voznesensky's originality—for a Russian—lies partly in the fact that his verse is not political. . . . **Robin White,** the author of *Foreign Soil: Tales of South India* (Atheneum), discusses the problems that beset the contemporary Indian writer—first of all his need to select what language, among many, to write in. . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** is the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

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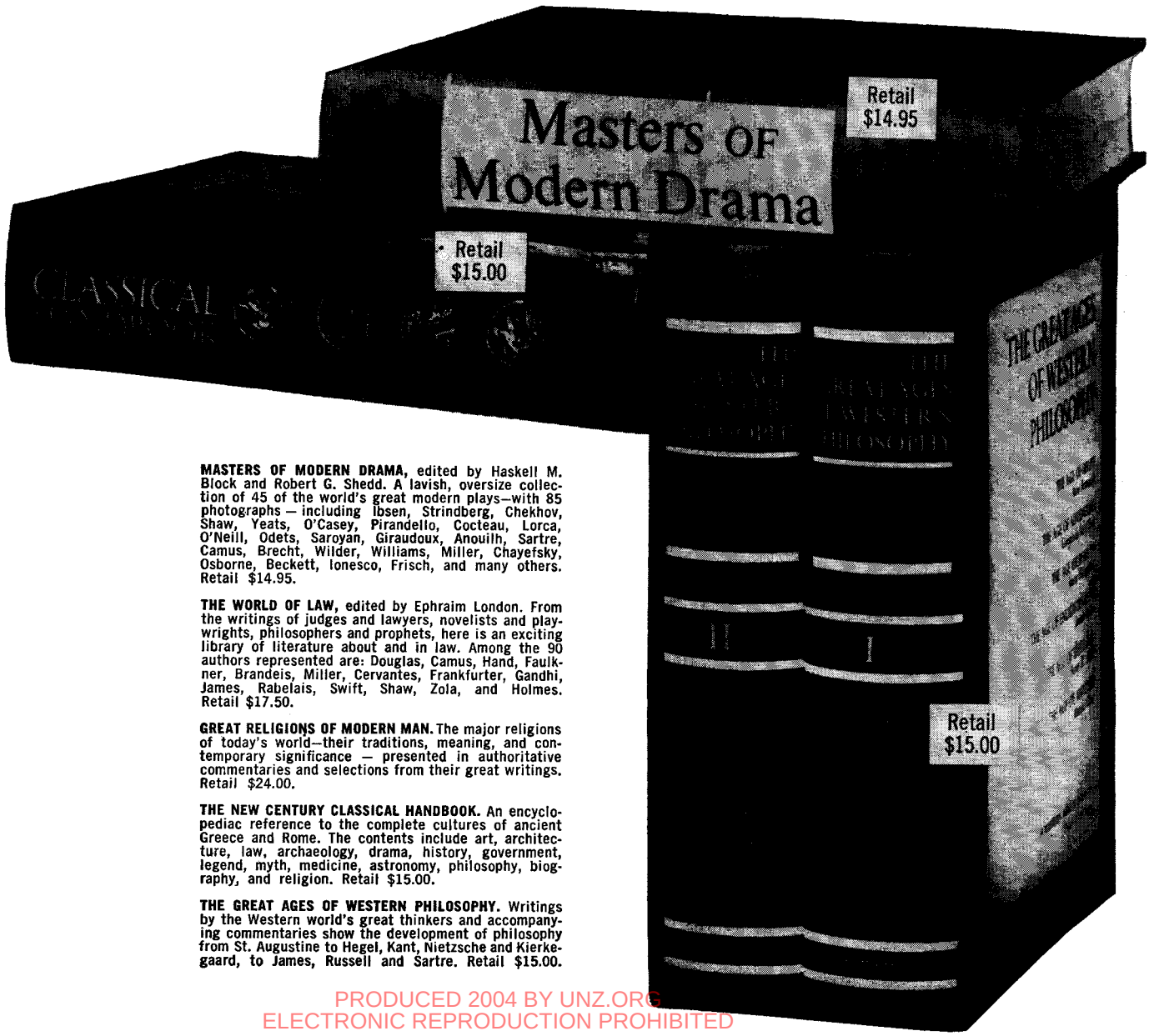

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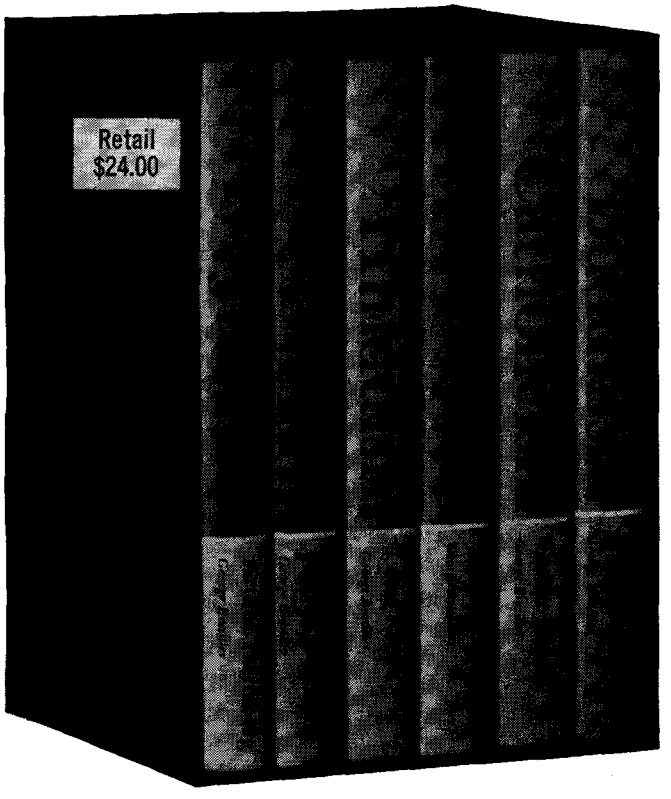

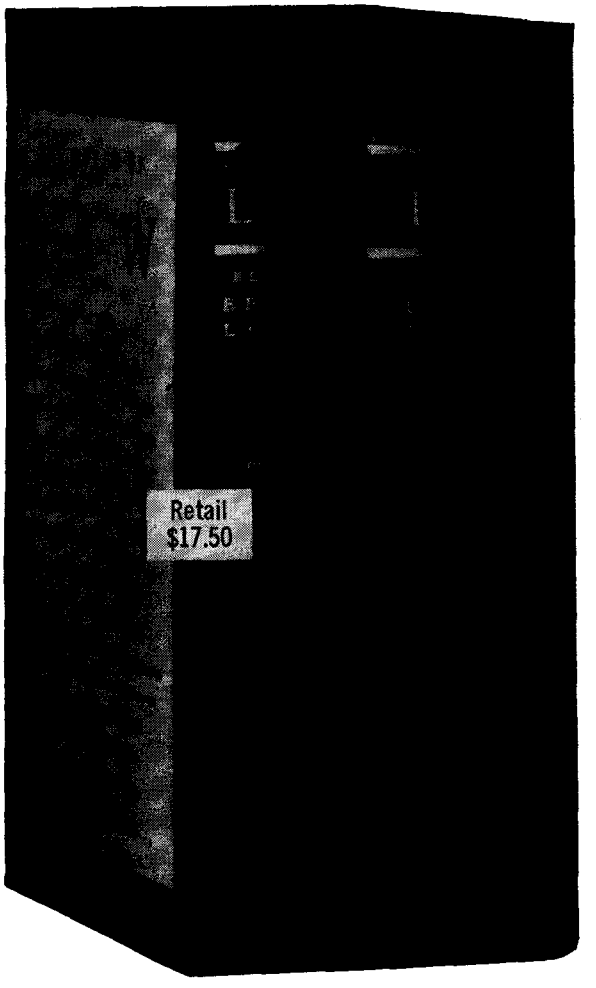

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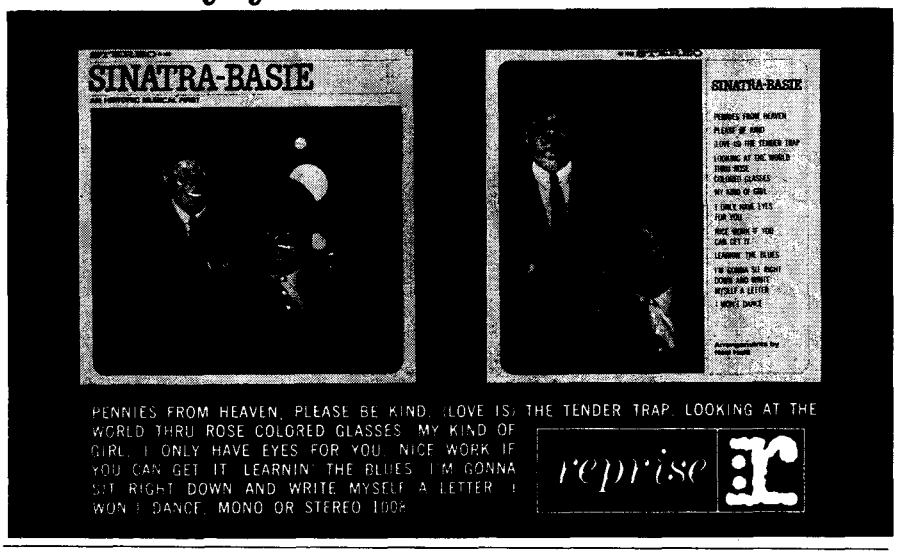
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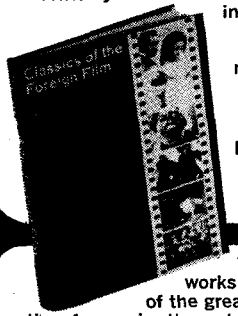

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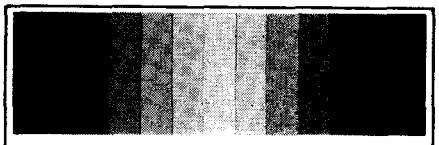

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CORRESPONDENCE

MR. BRACKER'S DILEMMA

To the Editor: I was fascinated by Milton Bracker's article, "The Dilemma of a Guild Reporter," in your issue of January 17. Fascinated but not hypnotized. Mr. Bracker is certainly in a dilemma, a dilemma of contradictions it seems to me. For while he agrees that the American Newspaper Guild could not have achieved the goals which, he rightly maintains, have enhanced both his and his fellow newspaper employees' economic position and job security, without becoming an industrial (vertical) union, and feels that it is wrong to "ride free," he now also feels that he somehow ought to disassociate himself from the group. This is professional snobbery, and I deplore it. His solution, the agency shop (the constitutionality of which is soon to be decided by the Supreme Court), would put him in a worse dilemma. Yes, it would salve his conscience by requiring him to pay dues for benefits rendered, but he would have no right to vote in determining the policies or the officers of the union which represents him and which could—without giving him a chance to be heard—make any change in his wages, hours, or other conditions of employment. Someone once called this state of affairs taxation without representation. Instead of disassociating himself from his union, Mr. Bracker should be trying to use his intellect and influence with the Guild to make it an even better union. Instead of retreating to a little private club somewhere, let him exercise, not abandon, his franchise in a free, democratic labor union. By doing this he would be doing his part to help bring some order into the newspaper labor structure.

ARNOLD H. DRAPKIN
New York

To the Editor: I thought Mr. Bracker's article an intelligent and perceptive interpretation of a most unhappy and unfortunate strike. He confirms my opinion that it was a sad day for newspapers and those who create them when the decision was made to establish the Guild as an industrial rather than a professional union. To see the editorial staffs of the New York papers forced to yield the initiative to a production union is enough to make the angels weep.

ST. CLAIR BALFOUR, President
The Southam Company Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

To the Editor: Bracker says he resigned originally from the Newspaper Guild in 1937 for two reasons: the "organizational ruthlessness" of the CIO and the presence of Communists in the Guild. What about the organizational ruthlessness of a reactionary segment of big business, which spent millions in the 1930's on provocateurs and strike-

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Bertolt Brecht, whose collected plays are included among the offerings on this page

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breakers and flouted the national law requiring collective bargaining? Other Guildsmen were aware of the Communists; but they remained as members, fought the Communists, and cleaned house.

Bracker deplores vertical unionism—another Guild issue settled in 1937. The elevator operator and cleaning woman can outvote the "Brain Department" of the newspaper, he says. It never occurs to him that the Brain Department can dominate if it participates.

OLIVER PILAT
New York

To the Editor: The article by Milton Bracker is the finest thing on the subject I have read. It is so well reasoned and is such a thoughtful presentation that I have passed it around our office for our staff.

MILES H. WOLFF, Executive Editor
Greensboro *Daily News*
Greensboro, North Carolina

To the Editor: I suspect that Mr. Bracker's concern for professional status and antipathy to fundamental concepts of unionism impaired his avowed determination "to let the chips fall" where they may. Many of us, I am sure, have had occasion to regret being "locked in" an organizational situation unfavorable to our immediate individual interests. Isn't this unfortunate aspect of organizational society prevalent —both the immediate and indirect—in everyone's daily life? Does Mr. Bracker really intend to suggest that *only* labor unions exert such unwholesome pressures; that none are forthcoming from management, or if you prefer, from government and business organizational forces? I think not.

ANTHONY SATULLO, President
The Independent Party of the
International Typographical Union
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

THE SKYBOLT AFFAIR

To the Editor: While Henry Kissinger's article on Skybolt (*The Reporter*, January 17) correctly concludes that the NATO nations would do well to focus their attention on what is the correct strategy for the alliance rather than "which member has the right to do what," Edmond Taylor's report from Paris on "Doubts After Nassau" in the same issue muddies the water by posing the issue in the same terms as those with which the European press has tended to obscure it.

De Gaulle persists in the policy of assembling a nuclear military force ostensibly capable of nuclear reprisals in the defense of France's vital interests —despite the fact that by the time France actually comes into possession of even a small force of such character, deterrence based upon credible threats of massive retaliation will have long since become obsolete. This is of no small concern to the nation that has borne the major responsibility for the defense

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of Western Europe for some eighteen years. The issue is not really America's reluctance to relinquish the role of "sole arbiter of nuclear power" instead of willingly sharing such authority with a Europe that has come of age economically and thus militarily, but rather whether the oldest member of the nuclear club will be able to persuade its newest initiates that, though club membership may have special prestige value, it adds little in the way of insurance of their national security against aggression by Communist countries.

One may criticize American diplomacy for trampling on the sensibilities of a Western Europe proud of its revitalization, but one should be gratified that Washington is at last doing more than merely casting a jaundiced eye in the direction of those who demand assistance in building separate national nuclear deterrent forces. We should not hesitate to assert leadership commensurate with our power to assure that Europe's resources expended on defense are not wasted in duplication while vital needs are being ignored—otherwise we shall soon be faced with another "deterrence gap."

DAVID P. KASSOY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CASTRO

To the Editor: Theodore Draper's essay, "Castro and Communism" (*The Reporter*, January 17), is an outstanding contribution to the understanding of Fidel Castro's confusing position both inside and outside the Communist world. Mr. Draper's description of Castro as one who has "institutionalized his personal instability," one who leans toward Maoist violence and seeks "permanent insurrection" affords the reader an unusually graphic profile of the desperate egotist. *The Reporter* is to be commended for publishing what might be the most valuable document to date on Cuba's relationship with Russia and China. And Mr. Draper must be thanked for his authoritative report on Castro's game of dizzy diplomacy.

SUSAN C. SHEA
State College, Pennsylvania

OUR MAN IN NAIROBI

To the Editor: Our mother told us that Mr. Hagerty's newsman in Nairobi doesn't speak the language of Kenya ("Third Man in Network News," by Nat Hentoff, *The Reporter*, January 3). I'm eleven years old and my sister is eight. We have heard a lot of Swahili.

We had an American Field Service student from Kenya spend Christmas with us. Before he came my father taped lists of Swahili words and phrases to our kitchen walls. Before Albert arrived we could understand and speak a lot of Swahili.

Swahili is not hard to learn, and if the ABC man in Nairobi tried our method he should be able to learn it quickly.

ERICA AND ALISON HARVEY
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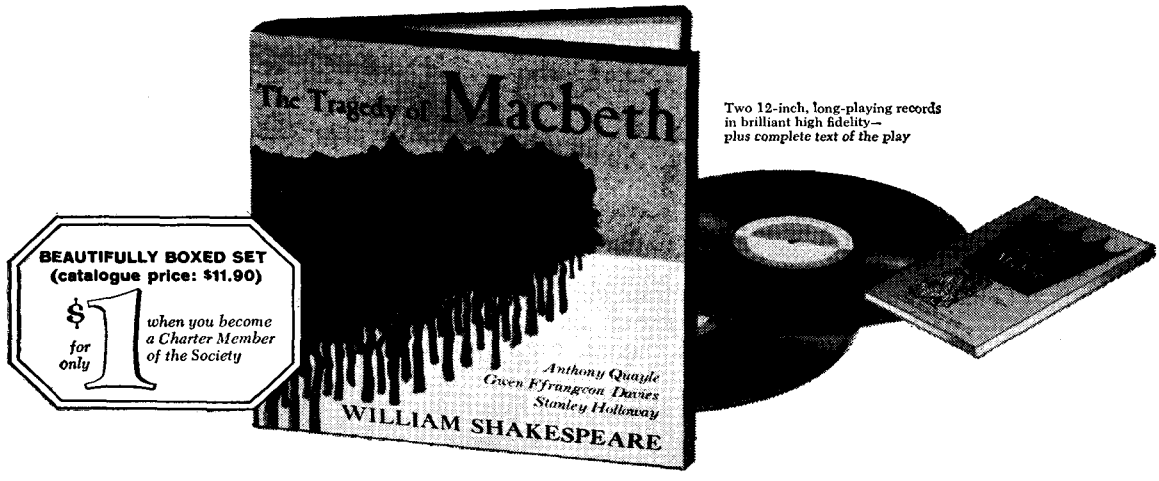
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Cover Story

To an administration that cherishes its public image and whose memory approaches total recall, the Bay of Pigs disaster has rankled. The enterprise symbolized everything the Kennedys like to believe they are not, and it is therefore hardly surprising that the recent attempts by the Attorney General to set part of the record straight have been greeted skeptically.

Senator Barry Goldwater demanded that the effort to "tamper with history" be ended. Senator Everett M. Dirksen thought another Congressional investigation was in order to "assure historical accuracy." Even administration friends were dismayed by Bobby's decision to reopen the melancholy chapter. Coming so soon after the October success, it seemed both unwise and unnecessary. The Attorney General himself apparently viewed it as an honest effort to correct a popular misconception.

What Robert Kennedy said to David Kraslow of the Knight newspapers and to an interviewer from *U.S. News & World Report* was quite explicit in asserting that no U.S. air cover was ever planned or promised for the invasion. "In fact," he told *U.S. News*, "the President didn't withdraw any air cover for the landing forces—U.S. or otherwise."

Others disagreed—or seemed to. Jack W. Gore, editor and publisher of the Fort Lauderdale *News*, who met with the President at one of those cozy off-the-record publishers' luncheons at the White House less than a month after the disaster, has insisted that the President told the publishers air cover was available but that he had made the decision not to use it.

Another publisher at the luncheon, Martin Andersen of the Orlando *Sentinel-Star*, recalled that the President said he refused a request for U.S. air cover at three o'clock in the morning of the invasion. Andersen added that the President went on to say that the U.S. "could take Cuba in ten days," but that our military commitments in Southeast Asia and in Berlin precluded direct military involvement in Cuba.

Still a third publisher who was present, James Cox, Jr., of the Miami *News*, told us: "I have no recollection of any ... reference to American air cover nor the promise of same nor its withdrawal." That statement seemed unequivocal until Cox added that the President had discussed with the publishers *Cuban* air cover and its uses. (And whatever the understanding of the U.S. government, there seems no doubt that the *Cubans* thought they were to be provided adequate air cover.) President Kennedy, at his news conference, denied the substance of Gore's comments; he said he could recall no such conversation.

The confusion, if that is what it is, seems to have stemmed from three sources—the distinction between U.S. aircraft (American carrier-based jet fighters flown by U.S. pilots and hovering below the horizon off the Bay of Pigs) and Cuban aircraft (CIA-equipped B-26 bombers manned by Cubans and taking off from a Central American country); the distinction between air cover (over the beaches during the landing) and an air strike (attacks on Cuban airfields); and the meaning ascribed to the words "cancel" and "refuse." The President definitely did cancel or postpone—for it later took place, a B-26 air strike on Cuban airfields the day of the invasion. The first such strike had been carried out over the weekend and proved ineffective; it had also stirred up a good deal of criticism at the United Nations. What air cover there was on the beaches proved to be inadequate and was, as the President later acknowledged, "one of the failures" of the operation. U.S. jets were nearby, but since their participation had

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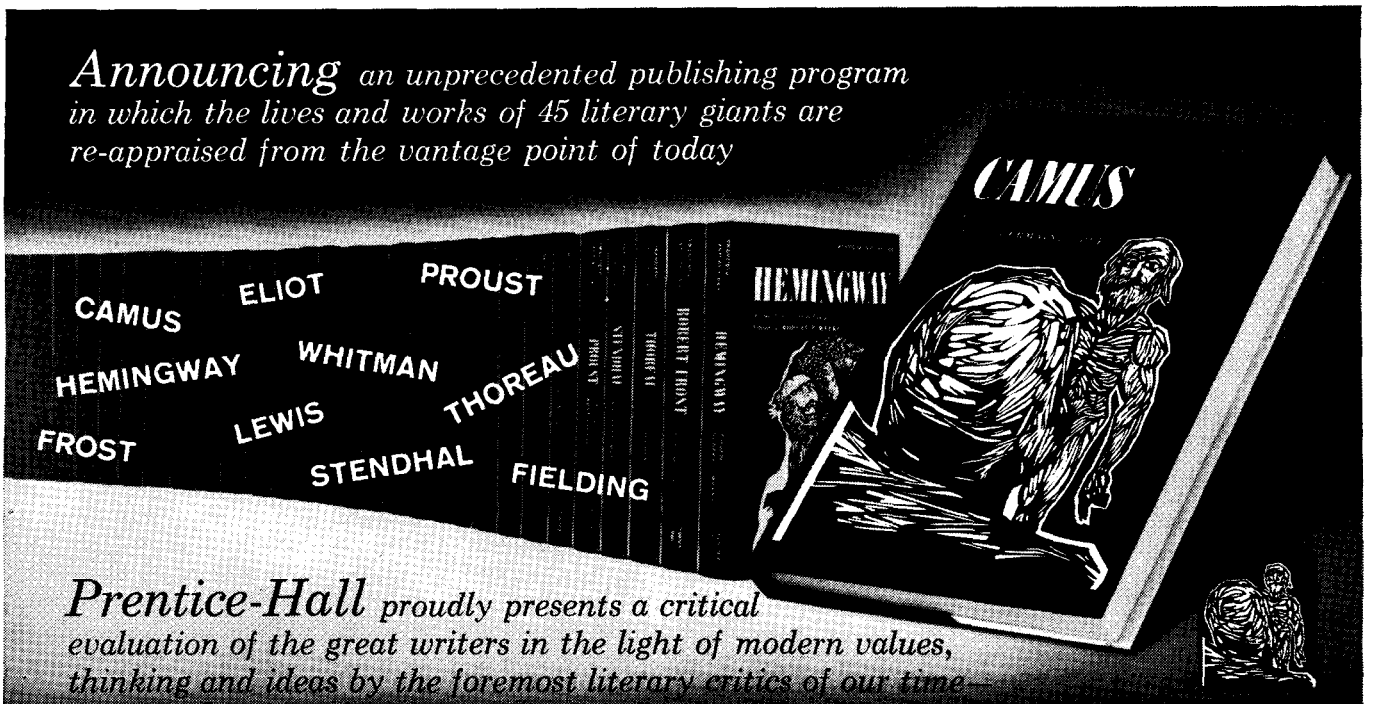

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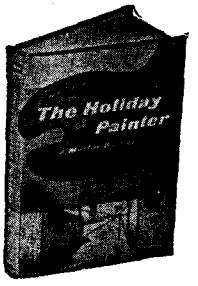

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For Something "EXTRA"

See Page 66

never been contemplated, it could not have been "cancelled." Could there have been a last-minute "refusal" when it became clear that the operation was imperiled? The log of the Bay of Pigs is still far from clear. And the Attorney General's interviews, given in the spirit of protecting the Kennedy image by quarreling with inaccurate press accounts, did little to clarify the record.

Esprit de Corps

"Domestic Peace Corps," a sweet voice answered a telephone in Washington not long ago, apparently unaware that the legislation to create a Domestic Peace Corps had yet to be introduced in Congress. The young lady, in fact, is one of twenty-five persons already working full-time for the corps, which thus already has a larger staff than the Indian Claims Commission, an agency set up by far less imaginative techniques back in 1946. We mention all this because whether you think well or ill of the idea of a Domestic Peace Corps, you are bound to admit that the *manner* of its creation is probably the best definition of New Frontier Style we yet have.

In the first place, the project, like many others in the nation's capital, has been under the broad direction of the Attorney General. Beyond that, its specific direction has fallen to one of the Attorney General's former Milton Academy classmates, David Hackett. The office itself is managed, on the other hand, by George ("Barney") Ross, who had the good fortune to be on the bridge of the PT-109 when it was rammed in the South Pacific some years back. And what may be the agency's very first patronage jobs have gone to two young ladies, Miss Ursula Reidy and Miss Nancy Thrope, who served on the campaign staff of Senator Edward M. Kennedy. "We did lots of organizing in the campaign," we were told by Miss Reidy, who describes her activities as those of a co-ordinator, "and this is very much the same thing." "The Kennedys see things through," added Miss Thrope. "They don't quit."

Well, everybody knows that. But how do they *begin*? Although the idea of launching a Domestic Peace Corps has been in the air for quite a while (Mrs. Sargent Shriver, the President's sister, brought it up in a couple of speeches in 1961), things began to move only after her *other* brother, the Attorney General, spoke to the President some seven months ago and eventually a Cabinet-level study group was formed. "It was all very informal," Barney Ross recalls. "The President had some Cabinet people in and called

HELPMEET

A British scientist is working on a robot which may take over a housewife's routine. "Eventually . . . I hope there will be a robot housemaid about as intelligent as a monkey and costing the same as a small auto." —Yonkers Herald Statesman.

Minnie was a honey with an automatic brain,
She knew just when to polish and put Drano down the drain,
She'd dolly from the washer to the oven and the sink
Or mix a fine Martini which she never had to drink
She never talked or balked or whined or asked to be admired,
But did, while there was juice in her, whatever was required.
Now Minnie was created to emancipate a wife
From all the weary nuisances that clutter up her life,
But once the men could buy her and install her in the home,
A wife became redundant and the males began to roam
In search of something brighter and more cuddlesome than she,
Less costly than a little car, but just as fancy free.
So, housewives, ponder carefully before you start to pray
For Minnie's consummation: you may learn to rue the day.

—SEC

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others on the telephone." Tom Matthews, who is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations under Frederick G. Dutton, was picked to write a Cabinet report urging the creation of the corps. "Sarge called Dutton to see if he'd loan me to the other operation for six weeks or so," Matthews, who had set up the Peace Corps' Public Affairs Section, has explained, "and since Congress was out, it was O.K." When their report came out, the ten executives and fifteen office girls comprising the task force did not conclude that their job was done, but actually stepped up activities in their Jackson Place office a hundred yards from the White House. Secretaries were paid from a $1,500 levy on each of the government agencies that had participated in the study.

At the present time Hackett's top aides at the agency-to-be are Don Ellinger, who is in charge of "Congressional Liaison and General Support," and Richard Boone, who is in charge of the "Program Development Section." Both have remained on the payroll of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, which, though chaired by the Attorney General, operates out of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Ellinger's chief task is to lobby ("contact and strategy") in preparation for the day when enabling legislation is finally offered. The organization chart ranges from "Business"—further broken down into "Foundations," "Organized Business," and "Strategic People"—to "Women's Organizations," headed by an outside volunteer, Mrs. Abram ("Toni") Chayes, wife of the State Department's legal adviser.

So far the PR campaign doesn't seem to have done too well. A survey of business opinion made by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce resulted, according to Hackett, in a "one hundred per cent vote" against the corps. Nor has the noise from the Hill been promising. "I . . . feel certain," Senator Frank Lausche (D., Ohio) wrote a constituent a while ago, "that if such a corps is established, it will be the beginning of an operation by the Federal government sending into local communities scores of workers and agents telling what the local and state communities ought to do." While the Senator's fears are surely exaggerated, they appear to be shared by a sufficient number of his colleagues to assure a pretty colorful showdown between the Congress and the Commandos of Jackson Place. Nor can it be said that the Congress doesn't have *its* distinctive way of doing things when it wants to or—as is more often the case—when it doesn't want to. But that's another story.

Mississippi Mercy

The case of Clyde Kennard, the thirty-four-year-old Negro veteran who tried to register at the University of Southern Mississippi in 1958 ("One Mississippi Negro Who Didn't Go to College," by Ronald A. Hollander, *The Reporter*, November 8, 1962), seems about to reach an end. Mr. Kennard, it may be recalled, was sentenced to seven years at Parchman Prison for being an accessory to the theft of five bags of chicken feed, worth a total of $25. (The man who actually committed the theft was given a five-year probationary sentence.) On January 27 this year, Kennard's lawyer wrote Governor Ross Barnett seeking clemency, although the case was pending before a U.S. Court of Appeals. On January 28, Barnett summoned the lawyer to his office and went over the facts with him. Within a matter of hours he issued an executive order that Kennard be released, and the very next day Kennard was a free man. Governor Barnett's admirable dispatch, however, is tempered somewhat by the terms of Kennard's release. It is an "indefinite suspension" conditional upon his "future good behavior," and it is understood that any further attempt to enter a white college in Mississippi would not be considered "good behavior." For a man in Kennard's condition, such precaution seems rather excessive. As is evident in the medical report on which Governor Barnett based his action, Clyde Kennard is a very sick man (cancer), and his life expectancy is from one to five years. He is seeking admission now only to a Veterans Administration hospital in Chicago.

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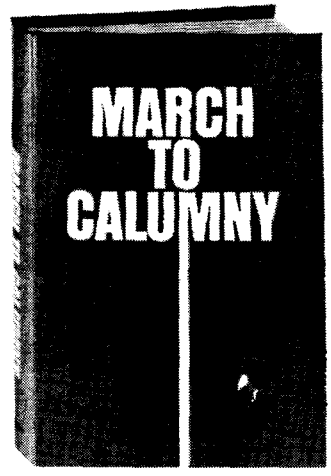

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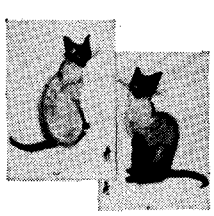

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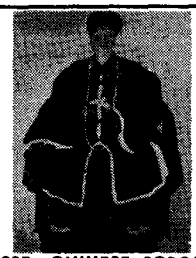

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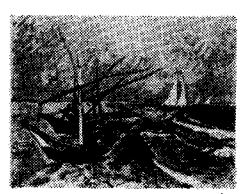

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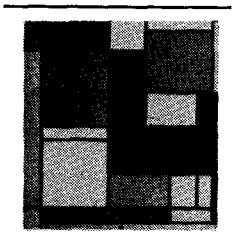

P-895. MONDRIAN: *TABLEAU II.* Superb silk screen duplicating the clear shades of red, yellow, blue, pale gray and beige. Original in a private European collection. 18" x 16" picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-897. ROUAULT: *YOUNG GIRL.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this modern masterpiece, in glowing tones of red, yellow, flesh color, blue and green, set off by bold black outlines and a soft gray border. 22" high x 16½" wide overall picture area. *Special* **3.95**

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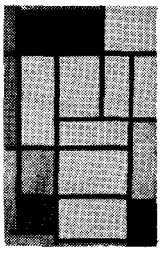
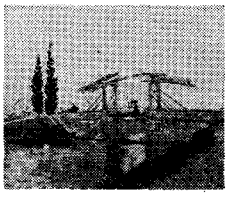
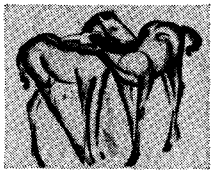
P-999. I. RICE PEREIRA: *LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE.* The cutting of the silk screens for this reproduction was supervised by the artist himself. Blues are highlighted with strong white. 20" x 25". *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**



P-979. MONDRIAN: *COMPOSITION IN PRIMARY COLORS.* Red, yellow, bright blue and deep blue against black, gray, white. Silk-screen. 22" x 13¾". *Special* **2.98**



P-964. VAN GOGH: *DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES.* A superb silk-screen reproduction of this dynamic landscape. Vibrant tones of blue, yellow, green with touches of red. 22" x 17". *Special* **3.95**



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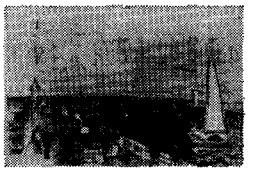

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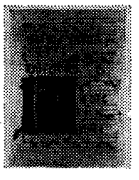
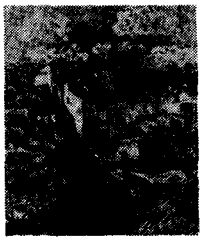
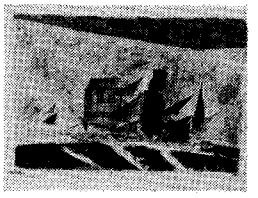


P-776. ILLUMINATED MUSIC MANUSCRIPT. Imported vellum simulates time-worn beauty of 16th century Spanish original. Black and red hand-lettered bars. Initial letter of gold, purple, green, red, blue. 26" x 9". *Special* **4.95**



P-995. VAN GOGH: *HOUSES AT AUVERS, 1890.* Blues, blue-greens and greens contrast with reds, burnt-orange and browns. Silk-screen. 26" x 20". *Special* **5.95**



P-986. FEININGER: *VISION OF THE BARQUE.* The sails and ship are in warm tones of yellow and brown, the rough sea is blue and gray, reflecting the sky. Silk-screen. 19" x 26" picture area. *Special* **3.95**

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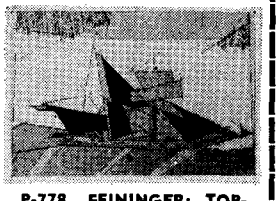

P-778. FEININGER: TOPSAIL SCHOONER. The linear sensitivity and precise construction of this unusual watercolor are matched by the fluidity of its tonalities of gray, blue, umber, yellow and black. Silk screen. 16½" high x 22½" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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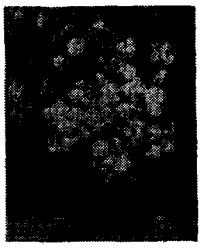

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The Economic Education Of John F. Kennedy

M. J. ROSSANT

WHATEVER happens to the administration's tax-revision program on its way through Congress, the request for an overhaul of the tax structure represents an important new venture in economic policy for the nation. The President's objective, which has never changed, is to speed the rate of economic growth. Now, after two years of false starts and long hesitations, of experimentation and improvisation, he is fulfilling the commitment he made last summer to stimulate growth through tax reductions.

The use of this instrument is not without its hazards. There is a political risk in asking for tax reductions, for it has involved breaking with the ritual that requires the White House to demonstrate its fiscal responsibility by presenting a balanced budget. And there is also an economic risk in the untested theory that enlarging the deficit through tax reductions will ultimately produce a surplus.

Yet Mr. Kennedy, who has sometimes proved astute in calculating risks, is neither as bold as his admirers would have us believe nor as radical and irresponsible as his critics suggest. His $13.6-billion tax-reduction proposal has been very carefully constructed, the bulk of the cuts to take effect in 1964 when both he and Congress will be facing new elections. In addition, there is little danger of a recession this year, so that Mr. Kennedy stands a good chance of being able to campaign on the theme that he achieved his pledge to get the country moving with four consecutive years of advance.

In taking the unprecedented step of estimating in advance a deficit of almost $12 billion, which may be low, Mr. Kennedy was well aware that he would be attacked for spending the country into ruin. He has not been disappointed. Nevertheless, the charges of Executive extravagance are largely unjustified, and his new budget is actually almost parsimonious in its outlays for many projects the President has favored. Once the political reverberations over the size of the estimated deficit fade away, it will be clear that Mr. Kennedy's spending program represents a middle-of-the-road position.

While he has budgeted for a new rise in outlays, the bulk of the increase is marked for defense and space programs; the civilian side of the budget shows only modest increases in such important areas as education, health, and manpower retraining. This distresses some of his liberal supporters, who insist that the growing needs of a growing population can be met only by a substantial rise in government spending and are not afraid of adding to the national debt. They are pained by Mr. Kennedy's emphasis on the need for "frugal conduct" and his attempt to placate his conservative opposition by pointing out that the national debt has dropped from 123 per cent of the gross national product in 1946 to fifty-five per cent last year. And despite the new deficit estimate, he predicts that a further decline in the ratio will take place in 1963.

In stressing the need for tax revision, Mr. Kennedy is demonstrating a more flexible and imaginative grasp of what is economically practical and politically possible than Mr. Eisenhower did. Tax reduction, which provides direct stimulation to the private sector of the economy in the form of increased purchasing power, was considered as a possible remedy for countering the 1957-1958 recession. But although the Eisenhower administration championed the role of private enterprise, it resorted instead to increased government spending, and then suffered the ignominy of running up the record peacetime deficit of $12.4 billion. In contrast, President Kennedy, who appreciates the power of big government and is not timid in wielding it, has decided to bolster the private sector through tax cuts.

Trial and Error

Mr. Kennedy has at least been consistent in his avowed purpose. Ever since the campaign, he has been expressing dissatisfaction with the nation's slow rate of growth and its increasing vulnerability to sinking spells. He has pledged to take up the slack of idle productivity and restore a full-employment economy, closing the gap that now exists between the economy's potential and its actual performance. In specific terms, he seeks to accelerate the nation's growth rate to 4.5 per cent from the annual average of three per cent that has prevailed since 1957. This increase would bring down the unemployment rate to four per cent and even lower, compared to the present level of 5.8 per cent. What's more, Mr. Kennedy believes he can do all this without inflation.

But his consistency about increasing the growth rate does not extend to his methods for accomplishing that task. He has exposed the economic body to a variety of stimulants, even including pep talks. He expresses concern over the fever chart, but his political caution has inclined him to limit the dosages of any particular medicine; and while the economy has responded, its pulse is still not as strong as Mr. Kennedy had hoped. The tax cuts he now asks for are just the latest and so far the most drastic remedy.

Here again the uneasy blend of boldness and caution is apparent. His program of tax revision does not provide the massive shot in the arm

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for the economy that some of his economic specialists had suggested. The package is a compromise in every respect. For example, Mr. Kennedy was persuaded that he should reduce the steep progression in the tax structure to encourage more risk taking by taxpayers in the higher brackets. This proposal had little appeal to most of his Democratic supporters in Congress, who feel there is no political reward in relieving the rich man's burden. To secure their support, Mr. Kennedy attempted to strike a balance by providing the most significant reductions at the lower end of the scale and proposing some changes to limit the reductions for the higher brackets.

Actually, Mr. Kennedy's economic policies continue to be a curious mixture that defies any precise description. He certainly does not believe in standing still, at least not for very long. His economic statements suggest that he views the government's role as that of the generator for a complicated and cumbersome machine traveling a circuitous route. He has found out that getting it to move forward cannot be accomplished merely by stepping on the gas. He has had to experiment and tinker in an effort to maintain its momentum. And more than once he has experienced some embarrassing stalls.

J. F. K.'s Brain Trust

In formulating his policies, Mr. Kennedy has never suffered for lack of advice. Indeed, he has assembled a formidable faculty, which has exposed him to an intensive if disparate education in sophisticated economics. His permanent brain trust includes Walter W. Heller, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, a voluble exponent of economic growth; Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, a former investment banker and "modern" Republican, who favors "controlled" deficits; Treasury Under Secretary Robert V. Roosa, an acknowledged expert on central banking and international finance who has worked for a smoother mesh of fiscal and monetary measures; David E. Bell, the new foreign-aid administrator who when head of the Budget Bureau sought to shape the budget as the key instrument of the government's policy; Kermit Gordon, another activist, who has shifted from the Council of Economic Advisers to head the Budget Bureau; and Paul Samuelson, a witty and mercurial M.I.T. professor who, from his vantage point outside the bureaucracy, argued against tax cuts in 1961 and for them last summer. There is also William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board since 1951, who is regarded in the business community as a symbol of orthodoxy and, like

J. Edgar Hoover, has achieved an untouchable status in Washington.

Mr. Kennedy's wide-ranging choice of experts calls to mind the brain trust of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Almost all of his advisers, whether technicians or policymakers, are activists, who go beyond the now accepted doctrine that government must use all its powers to counter a decline to the view that it should also use these powers in stimulating growth. Some want to limit governmental influence over the private sector, but others are prepared to intervene quite freely. Mr. Kennedy, like F.D.R., appears to encourage these differences in approach, reserving the right to take bits and pieces from one side or the other. This eclectic method helps to explain the apparent lack of a consistent plan and the frequent periods of indecision and the fiddling with a variety of devices.

IN ALL FAIRNESS, however, it should be pointed out that the Kennedy administration has had to cope with two distinct and often conflicting problems. It has been trying to stimulate a faster rate of economic growth and, at the same time, to strengthen the international position of the dollar.

This dilemma, which first emerged in the latter days of the Eisenhower era, has placed definite limits on Mr. Kennedy's freedom of action. He could not take the risk of using the prescribed pump-priming remedies for growth (easy money and increased spending) without weakening confidence in the dollar. And he did not want to resort to the orthodox policy for eliminating the deficit in our international balance of payments (tight money and restraints on spending) because this would have meant subjecting the domestic economy to a dose of stagnating deflation.

To meet these exigencies, the administration has shown a good deal of flexibility in developing new techniques. In his first year, Mr. Kennedy seemed clearly to favor the spending route to a full-employment economy, a theory developed by John Maynard Keynes that has been updated and revised by John Kenneth Galbraith and endorsed by a number of people in and around the Kennedy camp. This school argues that with the private economy in a relatively affluent state and with the pent-up demands created by wartime restrictions long satisfied, the slack in the economy can be taken up only by stimulating investment, which is most easily accomplished through an expansion in government spending. According to this theory, tax rates must be maintained to help finance the increased expenditure and to encourage the shift from consumption to investment.

In effect, the administration adopted this policy with modifications. While its spending was restrained by its concern over the balance of payments, it preserved the tax structure. In fact, the only tax

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proposal it requested was specifically designed to offer incentives to business investment rather than to stimulate consumer consumption. Thus, though the thrust was limited, there was no doubt about its direction. Moreover, the Treasury and the Federal Reserve provided what help they could with the devices at their command. They managed to hold up short-term interest rates, discouraging an outflow of funds to higher-yielding money markets abroad, yet they made credit readily available to long-term corporate borrowers to stimulate domestic investment.

The Wind Shifts

But the shift toward increased outlays, modest though it was, erased the slight surplus estimated by the outgoing Eisenhower administration and substituted a deficit of more than $6 billion, arousing European and Congressional fears that Mr. Kennedy was permitting spending to get out of hand. He reacted late in 1961 by pledging a balanced budget for fiscal 1963. In keeping with his expansionist position, however, he was determined to proceed with further increases in government outlays. Thus, the only way to assure a balance was through a big increase in tax revenues; and short of raising taxes, that could come only from a strong resurgence of business. His forecast of a balance was doubtless motivated to some degree by politics and by foreign concern about the dollar. But the sharp business recovery that had already occurred in the first ten months of the Kennedy administration was enough to persuade its economists that a real boom, capable of generating the required receipts, was just around the corner.

Unfortunately, the boom failed to develop, turning Mr. Kennedy's predicted 1963 balance into a deficit now estimated at close to $9 billion. Even the injections provided by increased spending did not have the desired effect. It can be argued that just as President Eisenhower never gave orthodoxy a fair test, President Kennedy was overcautious in experimenting with the spending approach. In any event, it was the failure of the economy to live up to the administration's rosy expectations that prompted the shift from promoting business investment to stimulating consumer demand.

Mr. Kennedy had promised to cut taxes only after reaching the goal of a full-employment economy that would produce a budget surplus. But beginning last summer, his entire economic brain trust, from Dillon to Heller, began pointing out the virtues of a budget deficit induced by tax reductions, and developing the proposition that deliberately enlarging the deficit now would make for surpluses later.

The trouble is that this new campaign pays almost no heed to the shattering of business confidence that resulted from the President's celebrated battle with Roger Blough of U.S. Steel, the stock-market crash, and the slower than expected rise in economic activity. The administration's economists are now blaming the present tax structure, which they had first sought to preserve, for practically everything that went wrong. They now claim, with all the fervor of the newly converted, that lightening the oppressive burden of taxation is the only cure. The President's economic report argues persuasively that tax reductions will stimulate spending, which will take up the slack in production and unemployment and lead to an upsurge in business investment for both new plants and inventories. It goes on to contend that tax revision will not endanger price stability and will actually strengthen the administration's effort to eliminate the deficit in the nation's balance of payments.

Although these claims smack of patent-medicine advertisements, there is also evidence that Mr. Kennedy has discovered the danger in setting goals that cannot be reached. In contrast to last year's exuberant and confident mood, when he and his advisers announced a series of explicit objectives, the new administration line is chastened and vague. Even if tax cuts are voted, Mr. Kennedy does not expect that 1963 will offer anything but the present sluggish advance. This does not mean that he is giving up the goal of a full-employment economy; he is simply saying that it is some way off.

This sober forecast is dictated in part by political considerations, for Mr. Kennedy wants to galvanize Congress into action on tax cuts. It also reflects the insecurity of some of Mr. Kennedy's experts, who are not nearly as sure of themselves as they were last year and are much less inclined to get out on a limb. The government's economic forecasts are designed to provide rough guidelines to the formulation of its policy, and the constant and frequently radical changes made by its prophets have complicated policy-making and contributed to its jerry-built appearance.

As further evidence that he has learned some new lessons, Mr. Kennedy has jettisoned a good many of the specific pledges made over the past two years. For example, the notion of balancing the budget over the course of the business cycle—which in itself represents an advance over Eisenhower's vain hope of achieving balance every year—has been quietly, if temporarily, abandoned, for the very practical reason that the administration does not think it can be attained during the current cycle. The Treasury has served notice that the fiscal 1964 deficit will be followed by more red ink in fiscal 1965 and perhaps beyond. This means that if the current expansion manages to survive until then without a relapse, it will still not produce a surplus. If, however, an earlier decline occurs, this would automatically mean further deficits. In short, whatever happens, we cannot expect to reach the promised land of a budget surplus until the next full business cycle, some time late in what will probably be Mr. Kennedy's second term.

Similarly, Mr. Kennedy has found it convenient to discard the prediction, made in the 1962 economic report, that the unemployment rate would decline to four per cent by mid-1963. He still regards the four per cent rate as the target, but he does not expect to hit it, even given tax cuts, this year. And he no longer forecasts that the deficit in the balance of payments will be eliminated by the end of 1963; he merely voices the hope that "we will reach balance of payments equilibrium within a reasonable period."

The President has also learned that a realistic budget provides a helpful flexibility in carrying out economic policy. The budget's effec-

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tiveness has been hampered by the necessity of making estimates that are nothing but polite political fictions. Mr. Kennedy's one radical step, made possible only by promising tax reductions, was the frank admission that a big deficit is in prospect. He has argued, convincingly, that a growing economy can afford a large deficit because the relative size of the national debt declines when the economy increases in size. If Congress comes around to accepting this economic fact of life, the budget can be shaped into a much more useful instrument.

MEANWHILE there is one especially important gap in Mr. Kennedy's economic education. There has been no inflationary pressure since he came into office, and the inflationary psychosis, which persisted after inflation itself had faded, also vanished with last year's Wall Street crash. But inflation can rise again, although the President and his advisers dismiss it. Here again, the White House reveals a familiar lack of understanding of the businessman's psychology. The business community may well decide that Washington has embarked on an expansive inflationary course, and act in anticipation. While the administration may protest that it wants price stability along with growth, if faced with the choice it will undoubtedly take growth and let stability go. Then it would eventually face a serious inflationary situation. But that is hardly the immediate problem, and Mr. Kennedy is not spending much time on it.

On balance, the President's new program suggests that he has profited from his schooling over the past two years. But his education is far from complete. He is still feeling his way, sometimes tentatively, sometimes boldly; he is still addicted to a policy of cautious experimentation while making less than cautious claims; he is still depending on a combination of brilliant improvisation in monetary and fiscal techniques and some unproved economic theories. Meanwhile, the status of the dollar remains questionable and he has not resolved the sensitive issue of major labor-management relations, which exerts a major and pervasive impact on the growth of the economy.

What's Wrong with the 'Alianza'?

JAMES H. STREET

IT IS not news that the Alliance for Progress is in trouble. Almost since its inception over a year ago, the joint program for massive United States financial assistance and Latin-American self-help and social reform has been vigorously criticized. Increasingly the criticism has come from the friends as well as the opponents of foreign aid. In Latin America, a common complaint is that the assistance has not come fast enough. Latin-American governments are being censured both in the United States and by dissident factions at home for not adopting sweeping land- and tax-reform laws. If the criticisms lack a sense of proportion, since the program has hardly begun, they nevertheless signify that this major effort to improve our relations with Latin America has so far yielded a bitter fruit.

An attempt was made to heal the breach at a stocktaking conference held in Mexico City last October. The conclusions were not reassuring. They seemed to ignore the chief deficiencies of the program and called for more dollars, to be spent more rapidly; more administrative machinery; more ideological propaganda.

Yielding once more to the plea that the United States has not been doing enough financially for Latin America (after committing a billion dollars of public funds alone during the first year), our representatives announced the advance of another $413 million to the Inter-American Development Bank and the Social Progress Trust Fund, a key agency of the program. The commitment of these funds would not be unreasonable if it were certain that their use would advance the purposes of the Alliance. But by seeming to justify the repeated Latin-American complaints of U.S. niggardliness, the action diverted attention from the program's basic needs. In view of the present precarious condition of the whole grand idea, a case might be made for spending fewer dollars more slowly, with the emphasis on maximum effectiveness in the pilot stages of what must be a long-range cumulative-development effort.

The Alliance for Progress undoubtedly suffers from administrative unwieldiness because it was tacked onto an existing foreign-aid organization and because the lines of decision making have never been made clear. ("Who in Washington

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are we dealing with?" bewildered Latin Americans frequently ask.) But the program probably suffers more from a dearth of fresh ideas and approaches based on an understanding of the region.

As for the feeling that the Alliance has failed to generate an adequate political ideology to compete with Fidelismo, Communism, and a dozen other local streams of revolutionary thought, this is one of the most unprofitable channels for the United States to pursue. The American government can never hope to sound as "revolutionary" in Latin America, where revolution means class warfare, as local political sects already do. They have only to protest and criticize; we have to produce results. When our representatives vaguely espouse revolutionary doctrine—although *we* understand that they mean peaceful evolutionary change—we scare private interests, who have a role to play in the Alliance, half to death—and the flight of capital from the region is already a problem. This is not to defend the status quo, but to place the emphasis on action rather than ideology.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS make the Alliance different from any other assistance programs we have undertaken in Europe or in the new nations of Asia and Africa. Under the Marshall Plan, we worked with countries with established democratic traditions and an industrial base that only needed reconstruction. In Asia the dense populations and scarcity of resources set narrow limits to what can be achieved; our aims have been governed more by military and political considerations than by possibilities for economic growth. Africa suffers from the scars of recent colonialism, tribal and linguistic barriers to co-ordinated growth, and a profound ignorance of the processes of economic development. But Latin America has ample resources and has been taking some cautious steps in the direction of regional economic cooperation. While the prospects for a successful development program in Latin America are less favorable than they were in postwar Europe, they are far more promising than in other underdeveloped areas.

Though most of Latin America has been politically free for a century and a half, it has not been free economically, and an endless debate has raged over the nature of this lack of economic independence. Contrary to hypernationalistic opinion within Latin America, the region has probably suffered more from native forms of "colonialism" than from foreign economic domination. When countries shook themselves free from Spanish and Portuguese control, the haciendas and fazendas, the mines, and the export monopolies merely changed hands and the old pattern of commercial relations remained. Democratic institutions, too, were centralized, corruptly administered, and linked with unprogressive landowning and business groups. Even the most advanced countries have not yet succeeded in eliminating this pattern. And it is true that in the latter half of the nineteenth century and early in the twentieth, foreign investment penetrated the region and much of it was predatory. Moreover, it intensified the trend toward the lopsided, overspecialized economies characteristic of colonialism.

Two features of the investment process have, however, commonly been underrated. The first is that foreign investment brought Latin America technical knowledge and equipment on which to base development. Existing rail systems, steel mills, hydroelectric plants, heavy mining and petroleum equipment, and even modern market development methods have all been transplanted to Latin America by foreign investment. (That is why it is particularly shortsighted for Brazil, for example, to pursue policies at this stage of its development that have in the past two years turned the vigorous capital inflow from 1956 to 1960 into a net loss in investment.) In addition to its revolutionary technological effect, foreign investment has in recent years frequently improved social conditions so that real wages are now unquestionably higher than they otherwise would have been. Health and safety standards, housing, and transportation are almost invariably better in the zones influenced by industry than in the nonindustrial areas.

Conditions are far from satisfactory, but this is attributable not only to archaic social institutions and the general underdevelopment of the region but also to the distortion, in certain countries, of the most advanced forms of twentieth-century democracy in an attempt to squeeze more out of their economies than they are ready to yield. Latin-American social security systems, for example, generally call for retirement at fifty-five for men and sometimes as early as fifty for women. One quarter of the wage bill may be allocated to pension payments; in an extreme case in Colombia, a major company sets aside 115 per cent of its actual cash payroll for social security charges.

There is an understandable urge for acceleration of social change in Latin America, but unlike the European Recovery Program, the Alliance for Progress cannot realistically be conceived as a short-term operation. Those who are familiar with the pace of change and the magnitude of problems within the region doubt whether the ten years projected for the Alliance are more than a beginning.

The 'Crisis of Confidence'

An overriding problem that faces the Alliance for Progress is that Latin America has produced few leaders with the technical and managerial skill necessary to carry out projects of the magnitude contemplated by the Alliance, and rarely do they have the trust and support of their own people. Even skilled political leaders—like Jânio Quadros of Brazil and his successor João Goulart, Arturo Frondizi of Argentina, and Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela—find it hard to retain public confidence once they attain power.

The professional administrator in Latin America, whether in government, a local corporation, or a center of learning, often finds his position absolutely untenable. Advisory boards and councils regularly interfere with purely administrative decisions and processes. These conditions help to explain why the government corporations, such as the state oil enterprises, are so notoriously inefficient. Administration of the field offices is highly centralized in the national capital, where

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authority is so diffused that responsibility cannot be pinned down.

Similarly, harassment of university leadership contributes to low standards in the institutions that produce the professional class. Operating on a principle of "democratic control" under which students and alumni have a major voice in internal university affairs, rectors and deans are forced to carry out policies that lower the quality of the professional schools. As a dean who has done an outstanding job of building up his branch of a leading South American university recently told me in explaining his decision to resign: "You finally get tired of getting kicked in the stomach by your own students and faculty. And when I had to go down to the war ministry five times to explain to the generals that our student strikes and riots were simply family arguments, I decided I had had enough."

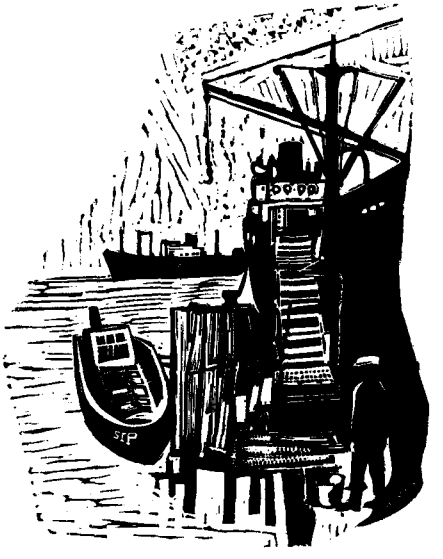
Because of the limited number of competent technicians and administrators to draw from, this high turnover of finance ministers, central bank executives, university officials, and other professionals makes it extremely difficult for the Alliance for Progress to secure the leadership necessary for its projects. Nor does it build confidence that the undertakings agreed upon by Latin-American governments will be carried out.

The current "crisis of confidence" is not a unique occurrence in the history of the region, but it takes a particularly acute form now because so many countries since 1955 have seen dictators leave the scene (Perón, Odría, Rojas Pinilla, Pérez Jiménez, Batista, Trujillo). Succeeding constitutional or revolutionary governments have, in the minds of many young Latins, failed to prove the ability to democracy to meet the people's needs. The failure of Castro's social revolution in Cuba was perhaps the most disillusioning of all.

The resultant public confusion and political factionalism make it difficult for the potential leaders of Latin America to come to the fore. This is a problem that Latin Americans must solve if the ideal of a truly co-operative effort under the Alliance is to be realized.

Given the necessary leadership, the Alliance faces another crucial issue: defining its goals. It is vital to ask what kind of results we should expect and how they can be achieved.

Unfortunately, the utmost confusion exists within Latin America as to the direction "progress" should take. Some would like to see a return to the days of the *estanciero* and the *hacendado*, when all the emphasis was on the production for export of a few staple crops and minerals, with the benefits flowing back to a landowning elite. (When new agricultural lands are opened



in Brazil, they are almost invariably planted to coffee.) Those days of extreme specialization, although they enabled Latin America to participate in a commercial world, are over. Yet many of the traditional products will continue to be given priority because alternatives have not yet been developed.

At the other pole are those who advocate the development of highly diversified, self-sufficient industrial economies no matter what the costs in technical inefficiency, fiscal disorder, and reduced living standards for those who are left out of the process but who must endure the "forced saving" of rampant inflation. Few countries in Latin America have either the resources or the internal markets to aspire to self-sufficiency, as Perón's disastrous experiment in the country with the most favorable conditions should have demonstrated.

Most Latin Americans, like people elsewhere, do not think in terms of national economic goals but in terms of immediate improvements in their standards of living. But values can become distorted by modern commercialism. Asunción, the capital of Paraguay, had nine radio stations and a jet airport before it had a municipal water system. When the annual heavy rains came, most wells in the city were polluted from sewage overflow. Under the dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela, many of the slums of Caracas were razed and replaced by impressive multicolored high-rise apartments. When the *Caraqueño* moved in, he found that his thirteenth-floor apartment had no elevator, no running water, and no sanitation facilities. Hardly was Pérez Jiménez overthrown than most of the apartment dwellers fled their "slums in the sky" to return to hillside shanties. Brazil has cut a remarkable 1,400-mile highway through swamp and jungle from Brasilia to the port of Belém, but one can fly for many miles over it and not see a truck or a car. Merely to keep the jungle from crowding back until resettlement and economic activity justify the project may prove prohibitively expensive. Countless other examples of such "investments in progress" represent bad planning and waste of resources, many of them monuments to politicians' prestige or national pride, and some of them financed by our own aid program.

If the Alliance for Progress is to endure and be effective, each country must plan realistically for what is possible and what is socially desirable for the people as a whole. When Latin Americans complain about the red tape involved in preparing and securing approval for the comprehensive development plans called for by the Alliance, they are paying in some degree for the inadequacy of planning and execution in earlier efforts toward growth.

The goals of economic progress in those countries where the worst problems of poverty exist will necessarily have to emphasize agricultural development. It is shocking that a number of countries with sufficient land resources do not feed

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themselves or maintain adequate diets for their rapidly expanding populations. Some are becoming increasingly dependent on shipments of surplus agricultural commodities from the United States which may some day be reduced and which in any case cannot fill the needs of the entire region.

Prosaic as it sounds, an increase in agricultural productivity is still the most feasible and direct way to achieve a higher standard of living for those Latin Americans who need it most. This is not to exclude the many other lines of development that will need to be undertaken, but it happens to be a field in which the United States (and Europe and Japan) has a rich fund of technical experience. Our successes in this field are already substantial, and our failures do not seem to be due to lack of techniques for better farming but to inability to secure the widespread adoption of techniques already known. A sharply aimed effort in this direction is being prevented by the political furore over land-reform legislation.

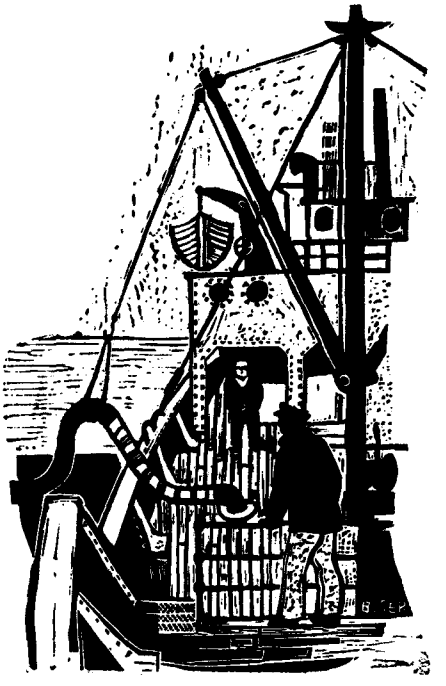
Unquestionably land, the basic resource of the region, is poorly distributed in Latin America. But the hope that a quick passage of land-reform laws will solve this problem and bring impressive results quickly is not borne out by most experience. We have only to look at Mexico, which began its land-reform program in a climate of bloody violence and which took at least thirty years to drive it through. Not until the country turned to such techniques as the dissemination of hybrid seed corn did it begin to attain the higher rural living standards that land reform had promised.

Bolivian Barbecue

One cannot overestimate the enormous cultural inertia and class hostility that affects land and the use of land. A decade of assistance to Bolivia has acquainted us with the realities of this problem.

Bolivia was to be our showcase in the field of economic and social development in Latin America. Our aid program was a reaction to the popular unrest and violence of the social revolution carried out in 1952, and through 1961 we have spent over $220 million in assistance to this country of 3.5 million inhabitants. The effect has been chiefly to maintain the present government in power rather than to make enduring contributions toward the country's viability and growth.

During the revolution Bolivia had had a thorough redistribution of land, effected chiefly through the confiscation by peasants of their former landlords' estates. The immediate effect of this redistribution and the accompanying turmoil was a reduction in total agricultural production and acute shortages of food, met in part by emergency shipments from the United States.



Point Four representatives made a vigorous attack on the problem. Heavy bulldozers and earth-moving machines were laboriously transported to the interior, penetration roads were cut through the mountainous terrain, and jungle growth was pushed back from virgin lands in the Yungas, the fertile valleys draining to the Amazon basin. Farms were laid out for resettlement, but the results were disappointing. Few farmers and unemployed tin miners would leave the Altiplano, however desolate, to take up land in regions they considered hot and oppressive.

Seven experiment stations were set up to test new crops and to demonstrate modern farming methods. Expensive breeding bulls were flown in. Not long after, an irate group of peasants took possession of one of the experiment stations, saying in effect, "We fought a revolution for land of our own. Now we are not going to let the imperialists put it back into big estates." In another case Bolivians raided the breeding station, driving off the livestock. Then they held what was probably the most extravagant barbecue ever enjoyed in South America.

To understand these discouragements, one must realize that in this region the mass of the population is illiterate and most peasants speak only the ancient languages of Quechua or Aymará. The American farm specialist, competent as he may be in his own field, rarely speaks even Spanish, and the interpreter he brings out of La Paz may not be able to communicate effectively with his own fellow Bolivians.

THE FATAL DEFECT in our aid efforts seems to be that we frequently do not reach the common people for whom the programs are designed. Yet we have a good deal of experience to draw on in overcoming this problem, much of it derived from agricultural extension work. One former county demonstration agent, who had learned Spanish to work with farmers of Mexican extraction in southern Texas, volunteered for work in Paraguay, only to discover that he needed to learn Guaraní, the language of the countryside. Even so, he did not seem to be able to convince farmers that he knew anything about increasing egg production. Thereupon he organized the local equivalent of a 4-H Club, which had among its activities the management of a flock of hens. When the Paraguayan young people divided up the resulting supply of eggs and took them home, their parents were so amazed that they soon came around to find out what this man knew. One of the things he knew was that many of our own farm youth organizations had the function of selling ideas to the older generation that only the youngsters would accept initially.

It is probable that no major effort to improve agricultural productivity and the standard of living o

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the rural population in Latin America will succeed unless something like the U.S. Agricultural Extension Service with its system of county agents is put into wide operation. This should be a prime emphasis of the Alliance for Progress; and to break down the local barriers of language and custom, it should train and utilize people from the very areas where they will be sent back to work. Beginnings have been made through the Point Four agricultural *servicios,* and the Peace Corps may make some contribution in this direction, but native trainees will have to be drawn in more extensively.

Mexico has already had some valuable experience in this respect, but in most other countries it is a neglected approach. Agricultural vocations are not popular in Latin America. The universities are crowded with students seeking degrees in law and accounting, but few enroll in schools of agronomy and veterinary medicine. Argentina, a country one-third the size of the United States, is said to have no more than a half dozen specialists who have had formal training in soil conservation work. Yet the pampas, the best cattle and grain land in South America, are increasingly infested with thistles that severely reduce the carrying capacity of the ranges, and are subject to wind erosion from the south that has appreciably lessened the yields in field crops. The personnel necessary to cope with these problems could be attracted by scholarships and the assurance of adequately rewarded careers, and the cost would not begin to compare with that of major industrial projects.

IF THE Alliance for Progress fails, it will probably not be for lack of U.S. financial or technical support. But neither the sympathetic American people nor self-respecting Latin Americans will wish the program continued indefinitely on an emergency basis. The challenge to the Alliance is to find the means to render the program effective in the lives of the common people and to develop the necessary indigenous leadership to make growth self-sustaining. This is a challenge worthy of the best efforts in all parts of the hemisphere.

AT HOME & ABROAD

After Brussels

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

TO EUROPEAN CRITICS of President de Gaulle's foreign policy, the case against him as the author of the present crisis in the Atlantic Alliance is less simple than it appears in Washington and London. It is not the general's ambitions or his objectives that have temporarily leagued against him a substantial part of European opinion; rather it is the methods he sometimes employs. At heart, de Gaulle is a better "European" than some of his most recent public statements might suggest, and Europe remains more Gaullist than its superficial reactions to them indicate.

"Since de Gaulle's press conference [of January 14]," notes a recent editorial in *Le Monde,* "the most contradictory charges have been tossed about and the debate has taken such an emotional turn that certain realities are being overlooked. The chief of state accomplished a *tour de force* he certainly did not have in mind by managing from one day to the next to convince everybody that it was France that was blocking Britain's entry into the Common Market—despite the fact that the British had consistently refused to budge from a position that the Six had unanimously judged unacceptable."

Much the same viewpoint is reflected by René Dabernat in *Combat.* Dabernat, who often expresses the views of Jean Monnet, concedes that at the time of de Gaulle's press conference no European expert denied the existence of a wide gap between the British terms for entering into the Common Market and the conditions for membership laid down in the Treaty of Rome. De Gaulle's treatment of this crucial problem, Dabernat writes, contained positive as well as negative elements. It is even possible, the French journalist suggests, that de Gaulle—like certain American leaders before the Nassau meeting between Kennedy and Macmillan—was seeking to hasten the evolution of British opinion by resorting to shock tactics but that he defeated his own aim by his "heavy-handed and brutal methods."

The Choice of Nassau

Even among commentators who fail to discern any constructive intent behind de Gaulle's treatment of Britain, either in his press conference or in a series of informal semi-public talks with French parliamentarians at the Elysée, there are some who feel that de Gaulle's current Anglophobia stems from his displeasure at the results of the Nassau meeting. These men think that de Gaulle's blackballing Britain's entry into the Common Market was not inspired either by his wartime clashes with Churchill or by fear that Britain would prove a dangerous rival to France for leadership within the Market. Neither was the general's stand entirely motivated by concern lest Britain disrupt the machinery of the Common Market by acquiring the rights of a voting member before formally accepting all the economic conditions laid on the other members.

De Gaulle's real objection, the argument runs, is that he considers that Britain disqualified itself as a European power at Nassau by allowing one of the vital attributes of its national sovereignty—the British nuclear deterrent—to become dependent on the United States. "At the Bahamas," de Gaulle told a group of deputies during a presidential reception on January 24, "Britain turned over to America such poor atomic forces as it possessed. Britain could have handed them to Europe. Britain has made its choice." During the same reception de Gaulle expressed the fear that because the British had ac-

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cepted the American Polaris proposal they would be likely henceforth to behave like "traveling salesmen" of the United States interest.

De Gaulle's remarks echo one of the essential themes of the anti-Anglo-Saxon political campaign that Gaullist agents are conducting throughout Europe—a campaign nearly as violent as the American and British campaigns against de Gaulle. Yet a number of his more moderate opponents believe that it also reflects a sincere conviction on his part. The extreme conclusions that he draws from the Nassau encounter are deplored. But the premise on which they are based—that the Nassau accords represent from the European viewpoint a highly one-sided and therefore somewhat "colonialist" arrangement—appears to be widely accepted. *Opera Mundi,* a weekly European report that has close ties with the Common Market's bureaucracy, noted that the British press played up the interview Monnet gave in Brussels criticizing de Gaulle for trying to break off the negotiations with Britain but that most of them omitted its closing paragraphs, which called for a more equal distribution of responsibility between Europe and the United States in both defense and economic programs. Monnet's real view, the newsletter argues, to this degree diverges from the Kennedy-Macmillan concept and approaches that of de Gaulle "in spirit if not in wording."

THE BRITISH themselves appear to have been embarrassed, and anti-Gaullist diplomats among the other five of the Six were irritated by the emphasis the Kennedy administration placed upon U.S. predominance in the proposed NATO nuclear pool. "There was a feeling," reported the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* on the eve of the critical foreign ministers' meeting in Brussels on January 28, "that it was overobvious and ill-timed to announce with such fanfare the intention to press ahead at once with the NATO multinational nuclear force and the appointment of a top American diplomat, Mr. Livingston Merchant, to supervise it. It was presumably time to emphasize General de Gaulle's isolation in the Western Alliance, but many senior European diplomats felt it would make the French president more obdurate than ever."

One of the curious minor paradoxes of the crisis is that the French government voiced no official objections and de Gaulle himself refrained from any *sotto voce* sarcasms when Adenauer accepted in principle the multinational deterrent force projected at Nassau that earlier had inspired the general's anathema against Macmillan. But West Germany, unlike Britain, had no independent nuclear capability to give up, and therefore detracted nothing from Europe's nuclear potential by accepting integration in a multinational force dominated by an extra-European power. And de Gaulle, unlike Kennedy, did not feel strong enough, or did not feel it would be sound diplomatic technique, to antagonize the Germans by calling upon them to choose between French and American friendship—especially just before the Bundestag would be called upon to ratify the Franco-German treaty.

Europeans vs. Atlanticists

De Gaulle's aim is to contain, not to exclude, U.S. influence. As Raymond Aron and other French critics of de Gaulle's position have pointed out, the general in his press conference was careful not to slam the door on eventual co-operation between the independent French nuclear force he is building and analogous U.S. or NATO forces. In rejecting the concept of an Atlantic community, de Gaulle has never repudiated the ideal of equal partnership within an Atlantic Alliance.

De Gaulle's concept of Europe remains similar to that advocated by the United States government during part of the Truman administration and all of Eisenhower's. Particularly while John Foster Dulles still lived, it was U.S. policy to foster the growth of the "Little Europe" then favored by Monnet, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, and other European leaders—but not by de Gaulle—rather than that of the broader Atlantic community. (I can even recall participating as a consultant in the drafting of U.S. information programs intended to encourage indirectly the development of the kind of emotional and romantic Europeanism that de Gaulle is accused of cherishing today.) But with the advent of the Kennedy administration, the "Atlanticists" appear to have got the upper hand in Washington.

"The previous administration was hostile to the British proposal for a free-trade zone in 1957 and 1958," Aron writes in *Figaro.* "The present administration adopts a different attitude. It wants to see the enlargement of the European community to include Britain to start with, then the liberalization of exchanges between the European and the American pillars of the Atlantic Alliance. This project may be the better one, but among those firmly devoted to the Atlantic Alliance there are not a few who prefer another scheme of organization."

It is since the Kennedy administration came in that de Gaulle's Europeanism has made the greatest strides toward a strictly continental union. The general's evolution has been hastened by the rebuffs of his earlier efforts to win recognition for France as a nuclear ally, by American policy on the Berlin question, by the dread of a nuclear Yalta between the United States and the Soviet Union, and no doubt by the feeling that the improving balance of power between East and West makes it relatively safe to seek to aggrandize Europe's position within the Atlantic Alliance. His triumphal visit to West Germany last September was another psychologically important factor because it seems for the first time to have given him the feel of Europe as an emotional reality. The success of the Common Market convinced him that it was an economic reality.

THOUGH strictly "European" as distinguished from "Atlantic," de Gaulle's Europe is a less exclusive community than some of his Anglo-Saxon critics maintain. This was demonstrated when the general, after slamming the door to the Common Market on Britain, startled the Danish prime minister by offering to sponsor his country for membership. The offer, which was turned down, was no doubt partly inspired by considerations of political strategy, but it also reflected de Gaulle's

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confidence that the community could safely absorb little agricultural and continental Denmark, whereas Britain's entry might convert it into the "diluted Europe" that he dreads above all. As indicated, however, in his press conference and more casual subsequent remarks, de Gaulle recognizes the possibility that "Europe" may eventually be strong enough to cope with Britain. One of the concrete points in dispute between de Gaulle and the traditional supporters of the European idea is the exact time needed. De Gaulle has variously placed it from four to fifty years ahead.

Even de Gaulle's disagreement with Monnet and other strong European "integrationists" seems to be abating. The general considers that national self-interest is one of the abiding political realities of our day —hardly a romantic view, by the way—but he also recognizes the inexorable emergence of broader communities. Judging both from some of his studied silences and hints, he considers the eventual emergence of a European superpower, probably including Britain in the end, as both inevitable and desirable. He would like to give history a helping push and in the process assure a position of leadership for France within the nascent community. In his more optimistic moments he may see France playing a role in respect to the developing European federation comparable to that of Prussia or Piedmont in the creation of Germany and Italy. Desire to assure French political leadership is certainly one of the motives for his opposition to the method of supranational economic integration favored by the Monnet group. Another reason probably is that both his pride and his creative bent impel him to take over anything he touches and remodel it so as to leave his imprint upon it. The day de Gaulle dreams up a Gaullist formula of integration, his conversion to the cause of a supranational European community will be total.

IT ALREADY APPEARS to many observers here that the treaty of reconciliation and co-operation between France and Germany, solemnly signed here, represents a transitional stage between the "Europe of fatherlands" implicit in de Gaulle's earlier proposals for a European political union and a true supranational community. A lecture given in Brussels by former Premier Michel Debré in which he specifically envisaged a European parliament and a European government—though in some unspecified future—suggests a Gaullist willingness to advance even farther along the supranational road.

The real issue between de Gaulle and the not inconsiderable number of European integrationists who remain faithful to the Little Europe formula thus comes back to the methods that de Gaulle resorts to at times for achieving his goals. According to some European critics of his leadership, the gravest case against de Gaulle is that he has been guilty of intramural brinkmanship and other equally hazardous and destructive methods to achieve essentially legitimate and even constructive aims. These critics say that de Gaulle has on several recent occasions substituted political moves for persuasion in trying to win over his European or Atlantic partners. The case for the defense is that some of these partners, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been using the same methods, at times perhaps even more recklessly, against de Gaulle.

Not a Man to Be Pushed Around

While Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, in justifying his intransigent stand at Brussels, put considerable stress on Britain's refusal to meet all the technical conditions for membership laid down in the Treaty of Rome, notably those dealing with farm policy, he had no compunction in admitting that President de Gaulle's fundamental objection to the British candidacy at this time was political. "In the face of the criticisms from all sides accusing France of wanting only a Little Europe," declared Couve de Murville, "let me say that what concerns us is not whether the Europe that we are trying to create is big or small but whether it is European. I reaffirm that when Britain is able to accept all the provisions of the Treaty of Rome, nothing shall prevent her from coming into the Common Market. But the burden of proof lies on her, not on us."

There is, however, reason to believe that de Gaulle, having achieved his immediate objective of blocking British entry into the Market in the present international context, and having apparently withstood the pressure of any coalition of the other five members with Britain that would have isolated France, is now anxious to ease the tension in Franco-British relations. The reaffirmed French offer to admit Britain as an associate member of the Common Market probably reflects therefore a French intention to minimize the economic consequences of the rift in western unity opened at Brussels and to create a propitious atmosphere for Britain's eventual participation as a full member. French spokesmen predict that when the angry passions stirred up by the Brussels drama have died down, the British will realize that there is nothing humiliating in the French suggestion of associate membership and will come to see its advantages.

The over-all western crisis would not be so grave if Washington and London and their friends on the Continent had not attempted to put such heavy pressure on de Gaulle. "On the occasion of the debate opened by Great Britain's candidacy for admission to the Common Market," declares a statement by Jacques Baumel, secretary of the Gaullist Union for the New Republic, "the United States, by its insistence and by the pressures it has put on all its friends, has now made clear its determination to keep the European Community in a dependent status both as to foreign and defense policies. If certain people think that France's resolution can be shaken in this way, they are gravely mistaken."

The same point was made by the non-Gaullist Catholic and strongly pro-Atlantic Paris daily *La Croix*, with particular reference to Livingston Merchant's ill-timed visit. "Everyone knows," *La Croix* commented, "that General de Gaulle is not a man whose hand can be forced, and one cannot help being astonished by the brutal method which the President of the United States has employed."

Resentment of American arm-twisting methods is said to be almost as sharp in West Germany, though

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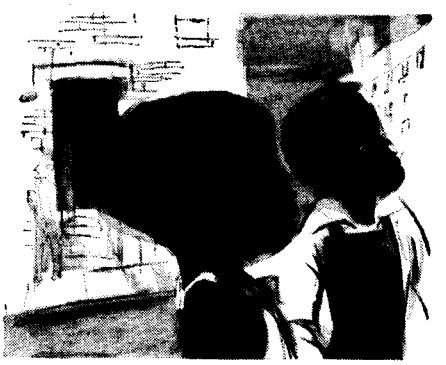
it has been largely muffled in the West German press and parliament. The dramatic last-minute letter from Secretary of State Rusk to German Foreign Minister Schröder at Brussels urging that the negotiations be kept going had exactly the opposite effect to that intended, according to press observers in Brussels.

Belgian Foreign Minister Spaak, who, in defiance of the Rome Treaty, publicly urged that the continental five continue negotiations with Britain without France, was the most violent of the anti-Gaullist crusaders. There are rumors that he was working in close touch throughout with the British delegation, with international labor leaders, and with a posse of vigilantes from the New Frontier. The temper and strategy of these anti-Gaullists were indicated by an article of Nora Beloff in the London *Observer* on the eve of the dramatic session in Brussels. Assuming that the French would refuse London's terms for continuation of the talks, the British, wrote Miss Beloff, wanted "the conference wound up at once—with a clarion call to France's five partners and Britain, declaring to the world that Britain's entry is desirable and that negotiations should be resumed as soon as circumstances permit. In this way France would be isolated and the way open for diplomatic and psychological war, backed by commercial and political reprisals—which have, in fact, already started."

Fortunately, no organized anti-French bloc was set up to take sanctions against de Gaulle or to exert concerted new pressures upon him. For this the French largely credit the Bonn government's diplomacy, which though outwardly schizophrenic has been both more subtle and more constructive than generally realized. There is also said to have been a strong reaction inside the Belgian government against Spaak's attitude and a noticeable cooling off of the anti-Gaullist crusading spirit that Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani evidenced to President Kennedy in Washington.

Perhaps, after all, Europe is busy working out its future and strengthening a unity that is already an accomplished fact; it can scarcely afford to indulge in fits of resentment.



The Ivy-League Integrationists

R. W. APPLE, Jr.

Just down the street from the most aristocratic of Yale's secret societies, Skull and Bones, are the headquarters of another and very different college organization. This is the Northern Student Movement, a loose federation of college civil-rights groups formed only a year and a half ago, which now has about twelve hundred members on sixty-five Eastern campuses. Most of its members are white, like the colleges they come from, but its leadership is more equally biracial.

A number of Northern college students have taken part in Freedom Rides, sit-ins, and voter-registration drives in the South, but the members of the NSM have decided to do something about the barriers to racial equality closer to home. Accordingly, the organization has taken as its primary task the development of leadership and self-esteem in the Negro ghettos of the North.

Because students' chief assets are time and education, the NSM is putting most of its effort into tutoring Negro children in Harlem and North Philadelphia. But in addition to this, it has raised more than ten thousand dollars to help finance the Southern Negro voting drive run by the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), participated in sit-ins and similar projects along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, picketed a segregated apartment building in Rye, New York, collected ten thousand books for Miles College in Birmingham, and operated an educational and recreational program for 150 of the fourteen hundred schoolless Negro children in Prince Edward County, Virginia.

Many of its partisans speak of the Movement—and it is always a movement, never an organization—with such fervor that they sometimes sound rather civil-righteous. ("If you sit down to have dinner with Mary," a Sarah Lawrence girl says of an NSM friend, "you have to talk civil rights. She never talks about anything else.") For some, the NSM takes the place of a fraternity or sorority; for others, perhaps, it is a cult.

To a considerable degree, the NSM is cast in the image of Peter Countryman, its executive director. An intense, slight young white man of twenty, the type sometimes described on campuses as a "cause chaser," Countryman has been in on the NSM from the beginning. "I'm not a utopian," he told me a few weeks ago. "I'm in this simply because I have certain ideals."

Under ordinary circumstances, Countryman would have been a senior at Yale this year, studying philosophy and living in Berkeley College. But an experience during his sophomore year, in the spring of 1961, changed all that. From time to time he had been helping youth workers with Negro boys in the Dixwell area of New Haven, and one night he went to hear three Virginia girls describe their part in a sit-in. "I was very impressed with their honesty and integrity and sac-

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rifice," he said. "It made the academic world seem pretty sterile, and I decided I had to do something." After the meeting, one of the girls, a Negro from Virginia Theological Seminary and College, told him of the poverty of its library. For the next two weeks Countryman cut all his classes and in a frenzied personal campaign collected six thousand books for it.

At a meeting of the New England Student Christian Movement last June, Countryman was chosen as chairman of a committee to raise money for the Freedom Riders. (Although religious groups gave the NSM much of its early support, both Countryman and his organization operate on a completely secular basis.) That summer he lived and worked in a Chicago slum, and that fall, when the fund-raising committee gathered in New Haven, he persuaded it to turn itself into a new organization that would co-ordinate civil-rights activities on Northern campuses.

THE experiences of SNCC and CORE seemed to prove that students had the power to initiate social change, and to some the possibilities appeared limitless. "We had a vision of an integrated society," Countryman explained, "a society with social institutions extremely sensitive to individual problems."

Countryman's objective was to get Northern students to lead the attack on segregation and prejudice in the North: "We had to build a student movement which was not just a deposit for extracurricular energies but a significant force in the solution of racial conflict." To generate this sort of enthusiasm, he concluded, he would first have to involve the students vicariously in the dramatic events in the South. Then, he hoped, they could be made to concentrate on the less spectacular if no less significant problems in the North. During its first year, therefore, the NSM spent most of its energies raising funds to support SNCC's voting drive in the South.

During that year Countryman met Joan Cannady, a Negro mathematics student at Sarah Lawrence whose father is a guidance counselor at a Philadelphia high school. When they began seeing a good deal of each other, it led to the estrangement of Countryman and his father, a Chicago industrial magazine editor. But this only hardened Countryman's determination to travel his own road; he and Joan have since been married.

In April last year, at a conference at Sarah Lawrence, the NSM program was broadened to include sit-ins along the Eastern Shore of Maryland and help for schoolless children of Prince Edward County. At the same time, the tutorial program for Harlem and North Philadelphia was conceived. A panel of speakers at the conference described the frustration and despondency of families caught in the endless slum cycle of poor jobs, poor housing, and poor education, and their remarks helped to shape the new program.

One of the speakers was the Reverend Leon H. Sullivan, Mrs. Countryman's uncle, who was a leader in the series of "selective patronage" boycotts against Philadelphia firms that hired Negroes only for menial jobs. He urged the students to help young Negroes capitalize on the new opportunities being opened up by the boycotts. The tutorial program, he agreed, might be a good way to start.

From Theory to Practice

With no money and no experience, the NSM moved into North Philadelphia to try out its theories. The area is one of chronic educational crisis, where sixty per cent of the students never finish high school and only 2.5 per cent go to college. The tutors, college students, hoped not only to help their pupils with academic difficulties but also to put education on a personal rather than an institutional basis.

The prospective tutors found jobs in hospitals, laundries, camps, and icehouses to support themselves for the summer. Getting pupils proved to be no problem. Some were referred by clergymen and social workers; others were recruited by the tutors on trips to five predominantly Negro high schools. The Philadelphia board of education, under pressure to improve secondary education in the area, welcomed the students' help and lent them textbooks. Fourteen churches and five welfare agencies agreed to serve as tutoring centers. Still, there was no working capital, so Countryman went to the Fels Foundation to ask for help. Four days later, the foundation made two thousand dollars available. Half was used to hire Mrs. Countryman's father as a sort of tutor for the tutors; the rest went for supplies.

When the project itself got under way, there were 375 pupils and 175 volunteer tutors (about seventy of them Negro) from Amherst, Beaver, Bryn Mawr, Yale Law School, Connecticut College, New Rochelle, Penn, Sarah Lawrence, Rhode Island, Lincoln, Temple, Oberlin, Lehigh, and elsewhere. One tutor commuted twice a week from Fort Dix, New Jersey, where he was in the Army. Tutors and pupils met from two to four times a week for ninety-minute sessions, and in addition there were biweekly guidance seminars for the tutors and joint excursions to ball games, concerts, and theatres.

Did it work? A definite answer is impossible, but there is already some evidence of success. Countryman likes to cite the case of Kenneth Taylor, an eighteen-year-old vocational student at Edison High who had belatedly decided to go to college. His college preparatory courses were proving too much for him until the NSM tutors came along, but six hours of special help a week during the summer cleared up his difficulties. He now expects to enter college next fall—possibly West Point. A second star pupil was Albert Milliner, fifteen, a junior at Simon Gratz High School, whose tutor, Meredith Brooks from Vassar, got him through a summer-school geometry course that had baffled him.

The community reaction was excellent—a joint citation from the board of education, the commission on higher education, and the commission on human relations; flattering newspaper editorials; contributions from businessmen and labor leaders; and a tribute from Senator Hugh Scott. Heartened, the NSM decided to continue the project during the school year with a paid staff and volunteer tutors, and almost all the pupils eagerly joined in again.

Harlem yielded less easily to the NSM's mission. The problems there

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indicate some of the difficulties that the NSM may face as it expands into new areas. The head of the Harlem operation is Kathie Rogers, a tall, pretty girl from New Canaan, Connecticut, who was graduated last year from Sarah Lawrence. "Sometimes," she said a little wearily, "Harlem is impossible." In an attempt to cope with the impossible, she spends as many as eighteen hours a day on the job—until recently without pay.

The Harlem tutorial project last summer was similar to Philadelphia's but much smaller. It, too, was successful enough to warrant continuation into the school year. But Harlem's educational community lacks the homogeneity of North Philadelphia's. Discovering potential pupils and co-ordinating their tutoring with teachers is much more difficult.

Thanks largely to Miss Rogers's diligence and the help of the Harlem Neighborhoods Association, the project has had a modest success. At the Abraham Lincoln Community Center last month, I met three Negro girls who have been working with college students from the metropolitan area. One of them, Leolive Tucker, had been a problem student, with A's in English, C's in social studies, and F's in algebra. She studied only what she wanted to. Her tutor last summer, Andrea Cousins, a daughter of the *Saturday Review* editor, was greeted with belligerence and disdain. But Miss Cousins ultimately succeeded in getting across an enthusiasm for disciplined study and in winning the younger girl's friendship. Leolive won a scholarship to a private school in North Carolina; she hopes eventually to go to Sarah Lawrence.

The second Harlem project, which attempted to transplant the Philadelphia selective-patronage boycotts, was unsuccessful. Carl Anthony, a young Negro who hopes one day to be a city planner, was in charge, and he admits that through inexperience he "went to too many leaders in too many fields." But it was the complexity and reluctance of the Harlem leadership that compelled him to do so. The result was that economic pressure of the sort the Philadelphia ministers can apply was never brought to bear on the milk company chosen as the initial New York target. Eventually the entire campaign was dropped.

Looking Ahead

The NSM's most serious problem is money. The Harlem project, which had begun on a shoestring, has just received ten thousand dollars from the Field Foundation. The Philadelphia project is also solvent. But the headquarters staff—the Countrymans and field worker Cliff Henry—has run through a four-thousand-dollar grant since last September and must now subsist on money raised in occasional campus fund drives. This summer, tutorial projects will be operating in six cities, and Countryman hopes to put the movement on a national scale. It is unlikely that he can do so with a treasury largely dependent on dollars saved from parental allowances.

Some of the staff members also detect a major flaw in the tutorial program. Because most of the pupils are sent in by churches and social agencies and because the program is voluntary, the NSM is reaching only the student eager to find a way out of his difficulties. With a girl like Leolive Tucker, the problem is not to create motivation—she always wanted to go to college—but to show her how to realize her goals. This is laudable enough, but it leaves untouched the great mass of young Negroes who are hostile to education. If the NSM is to work its revolution in the ghetto, a way must be found to reach them as well. One plan, conceived by Bob Knight of the New York staff, is to set up a cultural and athletic program for junior high school students in the hope that it would feed pupils into the tutorials as they reached senior high. To effect real change, however, the program may have to begin with even younger children in order to reach them before the cynicism and despair of the slum have begun to seep in.

A Manual of Soviet Strategy

RAYMOND L. GARTHOFF

A NUMBER of recent newspaper articles, some scandalously misinformed and misinforming, have referred to a new volume on Soviet military strategy—"smuggled out of the Soviet Union," as one account would have it—that is supposed to offer a secret description of the Kremlin's war plans. The facts are somewhat different.

Military Strategy (*Voennaya Strategiya*) is the product of the collective labors of fifteen leading Soviet military theoreticians, headed by Marshal Vasily Sokolovsky, who served as chief of the general staff from 1953 to 1960. In its 456 pages, it surveys general principles of military strategy, the character of modern war, and doctrinal and organizational concepts for waging war. The book is described in the introduction as the first comprehensive work on strategy published in

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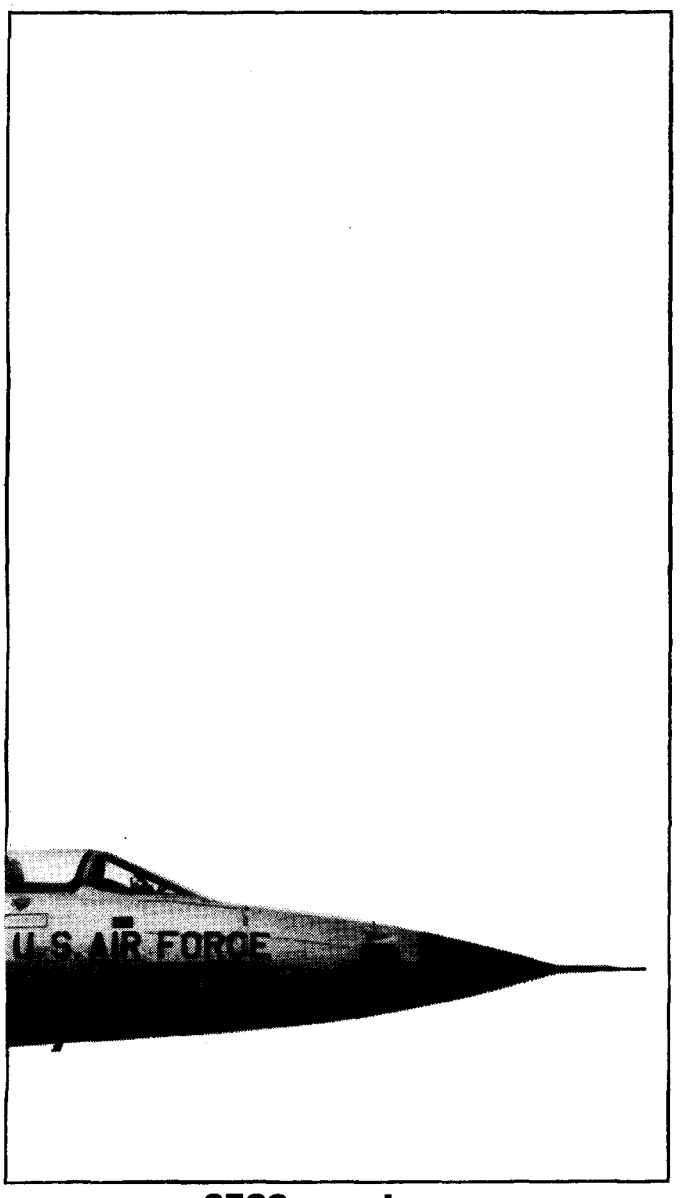

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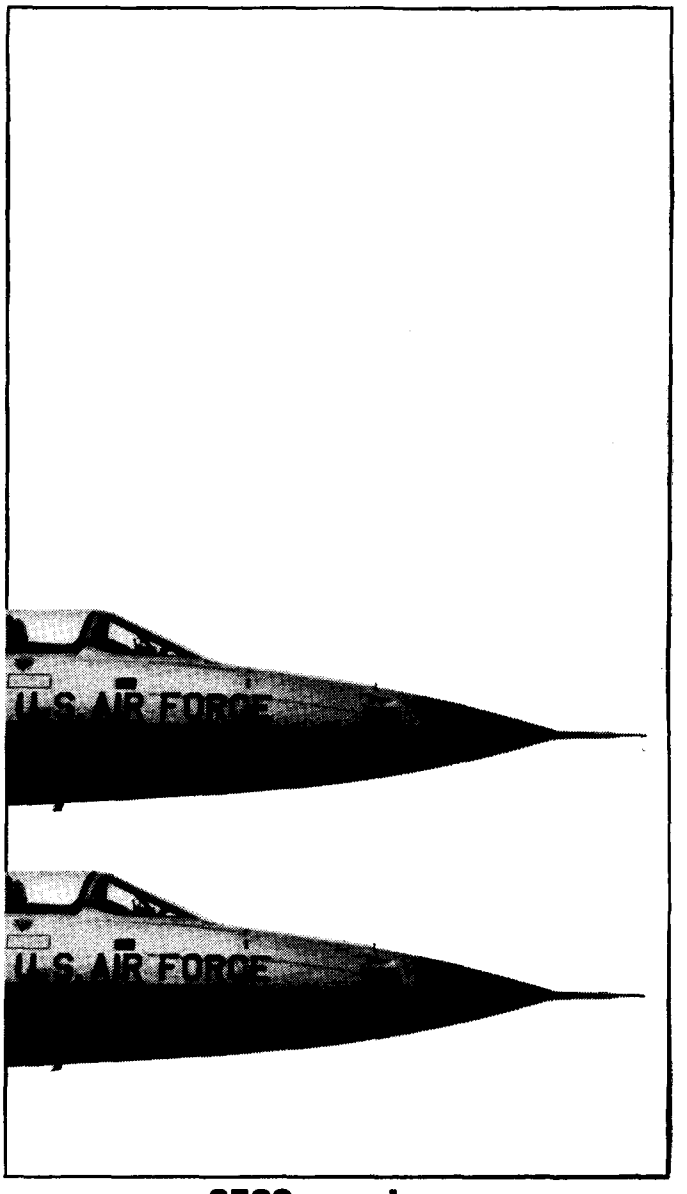

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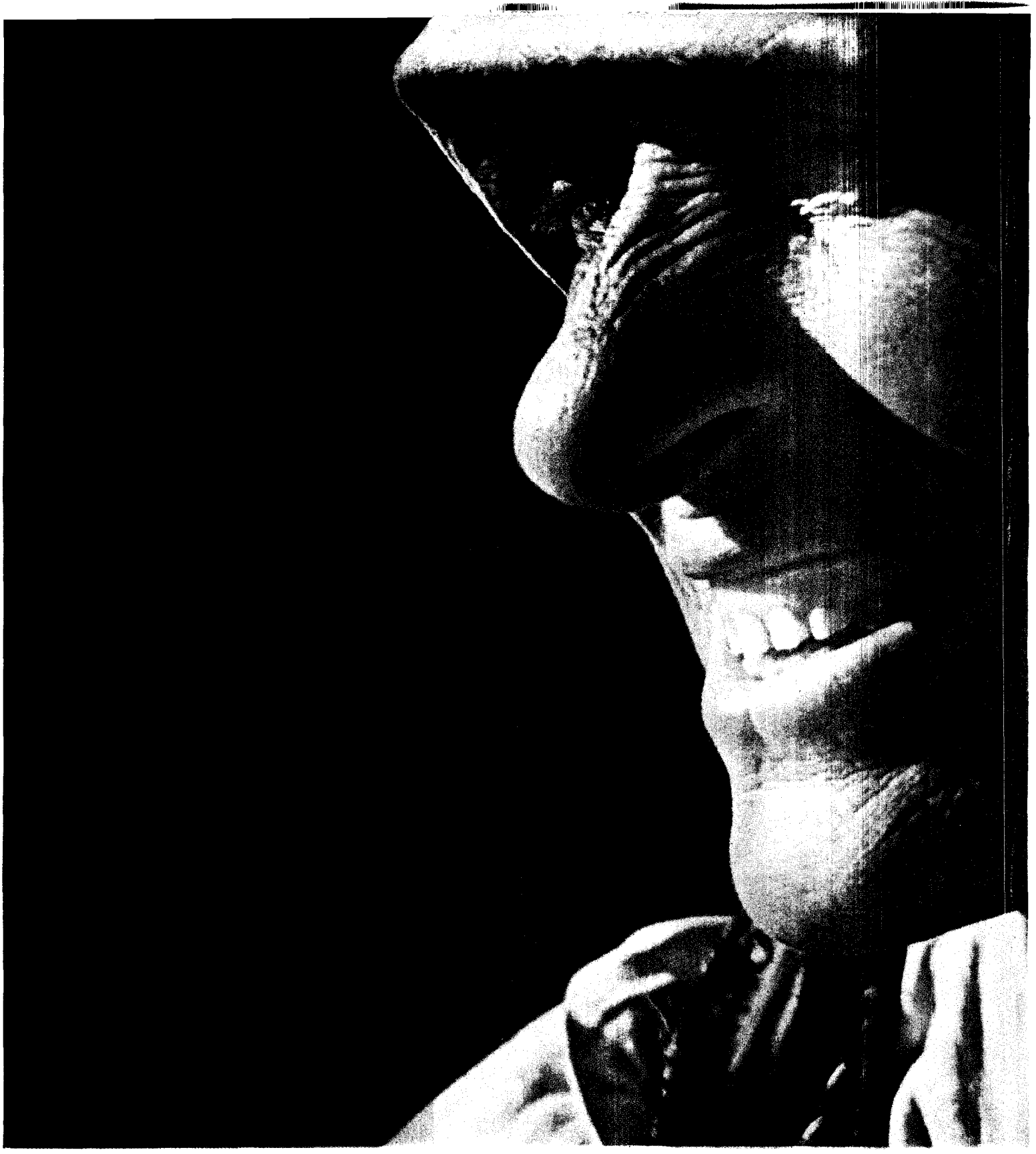

A brighter future smiles on Italy's south

There is a surging economic vigor in her industrial north. And the start of a new vitality in her mountainous, agrarian south.

But for centuries the nation's rugged southerners could wrest little more than subsistence from their starved soil. Now government agencies and private industry have joined forces to introduce modern farm techniques to the region, in a program to improve its economy.

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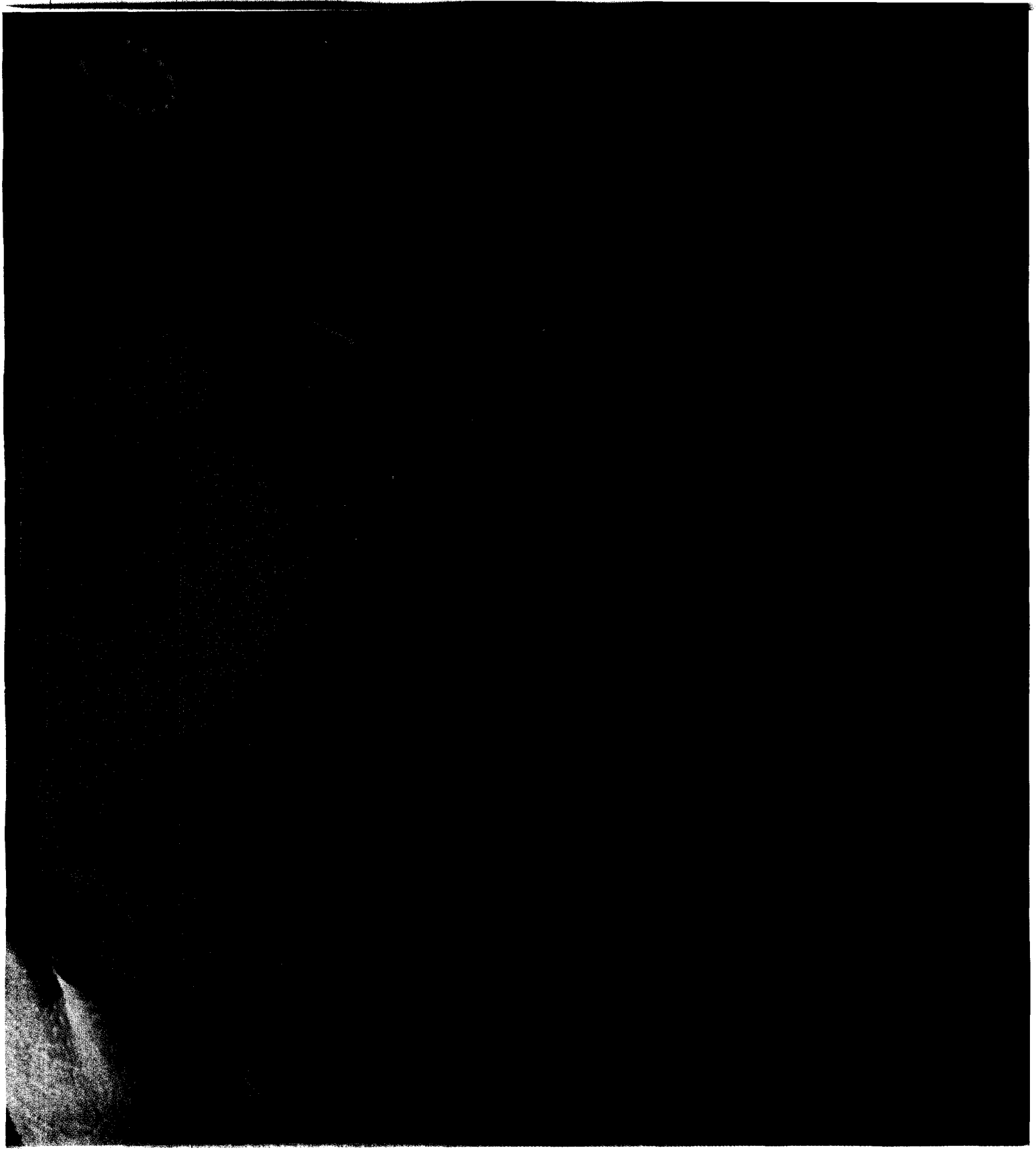

how to finance community tractors. They bring new ideas about crop yields, irrigation and harvesting methods. About family nutrition, hygiene and child care.

Slowly, as government and private efforts help change the old ways, whole villages are moving into the world of today. And villagers like this indomitable farm wife now see a brighter future smiling back on their families.

When an international corporation such as Jersey participates in the economic development of a nation, many benefits result. The free world gains new strength; private investments abroad are made more secure; and economic growth is fostered at home through the stimulation of international trade.

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There was no polio vaccine then . . .

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Today, there is no way to prevent birth defects. There is no way to cure arthritis or the rheumatic diseases. Twenty-five years from now, perhaps there will be.

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the Soviet Union since 1926. While there have been a number of other important works in this field in recent years, the comment clearly underlines the importance of this volume in current Soviet thinking. A first edition of twenty thousand copies was available last September to any purchaser in Moscow who could pay the modest price of one ruble and sixty kopeks ($1.75)—available, that is, until it sold out, which was almost immediately.

Accordingly, the book, as yet not translated into English, is indeed something of a rarity in the West, but it did not require any smuggling to get copies out and there is nothing secret about it.

Over the last decade, Soviet military doctrine has undergone searching review and modification in two distinct phases. Beginning shortly after the death of Stalin in 1953, efforts were made to break the restrictive and outmoded bonds of "Stalinist military science" and belatedly to adjust to the world of nuclear weapons and jet aviation. Stalin, who had permitted himself to be called "the greatest military genius of modern times," was responsible for a pervasive stagnation in military thought in the postwar period. To be sure, a number of new weapons (including some nuclear weapons) were developed during Stalin's period, but the arsenal of Soviet military doctrine was considered to be fully stocked.

Khrushchev as Strategist

The first phase of the Soviet revision was dramatized by a series of doctrinal debates extending from 1953 to 1955, and was furthered by the rise of Marshal Zhukov to the post of minister of defense. It was distinguished chiefly by the fact that it was undertaken at the instance of the military, and represented not so much a major revision of basic doctrine as an adaptation of new weaponry to traditional concepts. Thus, while many of the rigid formulations of Stalinist military thought were discarded and the increased importance of surprise was recognized, the familiar evaluation of basic economic, morale, and military potentials in a long war was still considered decisive.

The second phase of doctrinal revision was initiated with the development of a new military policy by Khrushchev, especially as set forth in his statement to the Supreme Soviet in January, 1960. This policy represented a compromise between the existing doctrinal views of the military leaders and Khrushchev's desire to retrench by reducing the size of standing forces and relying to a greater extent on nuclear deterrence. His program called for a reduction of one-third in military manpower and a more central role for long-range missiles.

Khrushchev's "new look" was opposed by some of the military leaders, several of whom (including Marshal Sokolovsky) were retired in the spring of 1960. It did not endure much longer. In July, 1961, following a number of moves and countermoves over Berlin, the Soviets suspended further implementation of the 1960 program of reduction after about half of the scheduled cuts had been made. This about-face, along with the resumption of nuclear testing, was clearly favored by the military, although the decisions in each case were clearly made by the political leaders.

In the meantime, a renewed doctrinal debate, spurred this time by the initiative of the political leadership, gave encouragement to military men who may have believed that more drastic changes in doctrine, strategy, and force structure were called for in the missile age. Even so, there was apparently no widespread inclination among Soviet military men to favor a strategic and military policy relying on more rubble for a ruble.

THE RESULT of this recent intensive review has been a further compromise between the more radical "modern" school and the conservative or "traditional" one. The "Khrushchev doctrine" with its stress on deterrence has been modified since 1960 to meet more fully requirements seen by the military for waging nuclear war should one occur. These call for heavy levies both for ready forces to meet the contingency of a relatively short intercontinental missile war (envisaged by the "radicals") and for forces to meet a protracted nuclear war involving extensive land-theatre campaigns (expected by the "conservative" majority).

There will no doubt be continuing pressures for future reviews. For the present, however, the debate of the last few years has evidently subsided and we have in *Military Strategy* a clear image of the current Soviet strategic view. It begins with the assumption that general war between the coalitions of states forming the two "social systems" would inevitably be total. Although strategic nuclear-missile strikes in the initial period would be decisive, it would still be necessary to have large ground forces to seize and occupy territory in order to win final victory. Since even a nuclear war might be one of long duration, the Soviets have concluded that their military establishment must be built on a balanced foundation of strategic rocket and air forces, antimissile and air defenses and civil defense, a strong and mobile ground force with tactical air and missile support, and a navy depending increasingly on submarines.

In defining early nuclear strikes as "decisive," the Soviet authors do not mean that all else is secondary or unessential; the Sokolovsky book also notes that the morale of the masses can be "decisive" for the outcome of a war, and land campaigns and occupation of the enemy's territory are also said to be "decisive" and necessary to attain complete victory. Moreover, political aims are also given higher priority. Thus, "The decisive defeat of the enemy's troops, the seizure of his territories and the establishment of the appropriate order and the peaceful settlement of all questions after the war can only be achieved as a result of the operations of the ground forces." The Communist leaders may well have in mind the edifying example of Eastern Europe in 1945.

No Sanctuary Anywhere

Many of the strategic problems that have been widely debated in the West are largely or even completely absent from this discussion. The contrast in scope as well as judgment with, say, Herman Kahn's or Bernard Brodie's books is striking and significant. Perhaps the issues were considered too sensitive

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for public attention, but one gets the feeling that Soviet military men simply have not considered them. For instance, in view of the enormous destruction that an uncontrolled all-out thermonuclear exchange would entail, some in the West have raised the possibility that both sides might exercise restraint in targeting. This concept of "controlled response," which has latterly received much attention in U.S. strategic thinking, is not mentioned in the Sokolovsky book; indeed, it seems to have been ruled out by the many passages which take for granted or explicitly declare that war between the two great alliances must be all-out total war. Similarly, limited "counterforce" versus all-out "city-busting" strategies are never weighed against one another as they are in discussions in this country. The long-standing Soviet view, expressed again in this book, clearly places the primary emphasis on counterforce strikes against western nuclear-delivery systems, but also includes attacks on the main administrative, economic, and transportation centers. It is a pattern of all-out attack in which military rather than political considerations give priority to counterforce strikes but no sanctuary to cities. This volume went to press too early to include any reference to Defense Secretary McNamara's public suggestion last June for avoidance of attacks on cities. But in accordance with the views espoused in this volume, the Soviet reaction, when it did come, speedily rejected the McNamara proposition both as infeasible and as "legalizing rules for nuclear war when what is necessary is its abolition."

The question of limited and local wars has generally been swept under the rug in Soviet military writings, which have stressed the danger or even the inevitability of their escalation to general war. The Soviets have thus sought to dissuade western leaders from the belief that limited military reactions may be sufficient to meet limited, indirect Communist aggression. While Marshal Sokolovsky and his colleagues say very little about limited war, what they do say is significant: for the first time they openly admit the possibility of limited wars with the western powers, and say that the Soviet Union and its allies must prepare for this contingency. The assertion that there is anything new in this view may seem surprising in view of the well-known Soviet inclination to stir up local violence, as in South Vietnam. But while we are under no obligation to accept the Soviets' definitions, we should be aware that in their view international local wars are to be distinguished from internal revolutionary wars. The Soviets call the latter "wars of national liberation," and of course they favor them as "just." The distinction was formally advanced by Khrushchev in his speech of January 6, 1961, and obviously is in part one of political convenience: the Soviets want to stigmatize western "intervention" in internal civil wars, while masking their own covert instigation or support to them. But there is another important aspect of this question: it is now clear that they actually do recognize the danger of escalation.

Arms Control and Strategy

The new Soviet book has nothing to say about guerrilla warfare or counterinsurgency, and there is no evidence of training in this field in the Soviet or European satellite armies. The preparation for and the waging of subversive internal warfare by local Communists is another matter, but it does not find its place in this definitive work on Soviet military strategy. In the United States, on the other hand, doctrine and training have had to be increasingly directed to this problem. The Communists covertly unleash violence, but it is we who must resort to overt military action, by our own forces in some cases, to meet it.

"Arms control" and disarmament measures are totally ignored. In a session of the Geneva disarmament conference last year, Valerian A. Zorin, beaming as though he had caught us with our hand in the cookie jar, triumphantly quoted a statement from a book by Thomas Schelling to the effect that arms control is an aspect of military strategy. In contemporary western discourse this proposition is now a well-recognized fact of life, but the Soviets still refuse to make even this simple recognition of the interrelation of military strategy and arms control. There is no equivalent in this book, or indeed in the Soviet literature in general, of western discussions of improved techniques or communications to avert accidental war. There are only a few sentences, merely noting the danger of war by miscalculation. If the Soviets are concerned with technical problems of ensuring command and control, they are not writing about them.

MILITARY uses of outer space are treated in several pages recounting alleged U.S. activities and plans for military utilization of the cosmos. There is one vague and pained passage on "the need to study questions of the use of outer space and space vehicles for purposes of strengthening the defenses of the socialist countries," which may certainly be interpreted as a veiled acknowledgment of a Soviet military space program of some nature.

American defense-policy debates and strategic controversies of recent years are reviewed. The shift from "massive retaliation" to "flexible response" is described, and the works of General Maxwell D. Taylor, Henry A. Kissinger, and Bernard Brodie are cited. The main arguments and reasons for the shift are correctly given, although the motivations of the participants and intentions of U.S. policymakers are ludicrously distorted by Marxist-Leninist explanations.

Present and programmed U.S. military strengths in major weapons categories are given in some detail for the first time in a public Soviet document. For example, the United States is said to have had 162 ICBM launchers, 105 MRBMs (the Soviets call both intermediate- and medium-range missiles MRBMs), and 96 Polaris missiles in early 1962, and it is predicted that these figures will rise to 1,040 ICBMs, 560 MRBMs, and 656 Polaris missiles in 1966. Never before has American military might been so fully revealed to the Soviet public. Of course, no indication whatsoever is given of comparable Soviet strengths (and weaknesses), so that only a few high-ranking Soviet officers and officials can make the comparisons that would show the Soviet strategic inferiority.

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At Cross-Purposes In the Sands of Yemen

DAVID HOLDEN

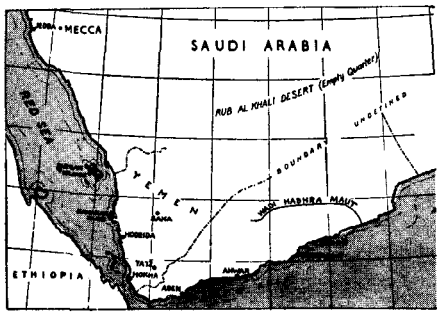
DRIVING down the tortuous new road from the Yemeni capital of Sana to the Red Sea port of Hodeida a few weeks ago, I met an Egyptian Army colonel who was on his way up the same road with a convoy of armored cars. We stood together at the edge of the road, gazing down the plunging terraces of the mountainsides to the narrow valley floor three thousand feet below, and engaged in amiable political argument.

The gist of it was simple. "What," he demanded of me accusingly, "are you doing here?" Did I know, as an Englishman, that Great Britain had not yet recognized the new republican government in Sana and that British travelers were therefore unwelcome in Yemen? I explained that I was a journalist, just doing my job. "And what," I then asked the colonel in return, "are *you* doing here?" He assumed an unctuous air and declared that he was there to do more than just a job. "We are Arabs," said he, "and we must help our brothers. That is our duty." And he got back into his armored monster and drove off to do his duty by pumping a few bullets into some of his brothers.

The siren call of duty has sounded variously in many ears in Yemen since the night of September 26 last year, when Yemeni Army tanks fired on the Imam's palace in Sana and the local radio station proclaimed the arrival of the Yemen Arab Republic. For Brigadier Abdullah Sallal and his republican revolutionaries it meant, in the beginning, establishing a new and fairer social order in place of the brutal oppression that distinguished the rule of the old Imam Ahmad and his father, Yahia. For Ahmad's son, Al Badr, who to his credit proposed some reforms before he was toppled from his throne only a week after his father died, duty has meant leading loyal Yemeni tribesmen in a holy war against the usurpers. Some conclusion between Al Badr and Sallal might have been reached by now, had they been left to themselves.

But such political insulation is scarcely possible nowadays, even in this remote corner of Arabia. No sooner had the rebel tanks blasted the top floor off the Imam's palace than other Arab political leaders discovered it to be their duty to take sides; and within a few days the struggle between republicans and royalists had assumed high moral and ideological overtones throughout the Arab world.

On one side, supporting the Imam Al Badr and his men, stood King



Saud of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan as champions of legitimate government and wholehearted anti-Communism—or, if you prefer, as symbols of black reaction. On the other side were President Nasser of Egypt and his followers, representing the glories of Arab nationalism and social progress—or the evils of subversion and Communist conspiracy. The clash between these two groups has overshadowed the local struggle in Yemen, and has threatened to transform the whole power pattern in the Middle East.

FOR PRESIDENT NASSER, the revolution has presented both opportunity and embarrassment. Whether or not he personally directed the revolt from Cairo—and it seems inconceivable that he did not know something of it in advance—it was inevitable that the revolutionaries would turn first to him for support. Equally it was inevitable that Nasser would agree to help them, simply because he could not afford to leave them at the mercy of King Saud. To have done so would have been to betray all the hopes of social progress that Nasser has ever aroused among the Arabs and to strike a gratuitous blow, therefore, at his own stature as an Arab leader.

Besides, the revolution offered the best opportunity so far of upsetting the Saudi régime, which has repeatedly led the Arab opposition to President Nasser. This does not mean that Nasser was, or is, seeking a permanent physical foothold for his army or his agents in the Arabian Peninsula from which to accomplish the overthrow or subversion of the Saudi royal family. It does mean, rather, that the successful establishment of a republican régime in Yemen proclaiming policies akin to Nasser's would provide the first radical alternative in Arabia to King Saud's antiquated and extravagant form of government. Subversion by example, then, might reinforce subversion by propaganda and conspiracy.

Yet to seize the opportunity and accept the obligation the Yemeni revolution offered has involved Nasser in growing embarrassment. To protect Brigadier Sallal's régime from the attacks of the Imam Al Badr's tribal guerrillas—financed and partly armed by the Saudis—one sixth of the Egyptian Army, between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand men, has been committed to a harsh and unfamiliar campaign in the mountains of Yemen. Although no official figures have been published, it seems certain that the cost of this operation by now must be measured in scores of Egyptian dead and millions of dollars. Moreover, like all foreign armies, the Egyptian force is fast incurring local odium, even among those who support the revolution. "The next people we'll have to fight are the Egyptians," was the comment of one Yemeni revolutionary I met in Taiz; and elsewhere in the country similar resentment of what amounts to an Egyptian occupation army is easily

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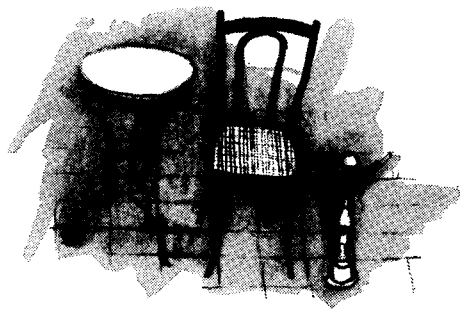

Café Scenes

from the Middle East

by Bill Berry

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uncovered beneath the protestations of Arab brotherhood.

None of this can be lost on Nasser. He has seen it all happen before in Syria, where the same politicians who pleaded with him to create the United Arab Republic in 1958 seceded from it in 1961 with nothing but abuse for Egypt. As a result, there is little doubt in Cairo now that Nasser would like to disengage from Yemen if he could do so without causing the republicans to collapse. This was the purpose of the solution that Washington sought to impose upon Arabia in December by exchanging American recognition of the new Yemeni government for an undertaking from Nasser to withdraw his troops from Yemen and a promise by Sallal that he would not attempt to foment trouble among his neighbors.

Nasser, however, insisted upon the proviso that other foreign intervention in Yemen should also cease—with his eye fixed firmly on the Saudis, supported by King Hussein of Jordan and at least one of the British-protected rulers in the South Arabian Federation on Yemen's southern border. Washington accepted the condition and extended recognition to the revolutionary republican government on December 19. But manifestly intervention has not ceased. Saudi money appears still to be supporting the Imam's "loyal" tribesmen, and Saudi and Jordanian propaganda continues to take the royalist part with talk of a "triumphant march on Sana." Accordingly, the U.S. objective is still far from attained, with Sallal still furiously predicting revolution throughout Arabia and Nasser still caught on the Yemeni hook. But if Nasser is embarrassed, the Saudis are imperiled. For them this could be a fight to the death; and the measure of their anxiety is revealed in the steps they have been forced to take already as a direct result of the Yemeni-Egyptian challenge. King Saud himself has surrendered control of the Saudi government, flying to Switzerland to see his doctors while his more enlightened brother, the Emir Faisal, tries to initiate widespread social and political reforms in the feudal Saudi structure. The Saudis have even resumed their diplomatic relations with Britain, after more than six years of keeping London at arm's length. Relations were severed during the Suez crisis in 1956 and never resumed because of Saudi claims to the British-protected oasis of Buraimi on Saudi Arabia's southeastern border—claims the British refused to consider. Now, with no change in the British attitude, the Saudis have swallowed their pride at last, for they need every friend they can find to help them withstand the new threat from Yemen.

By this same act, however, the British find themselves more than ever identified in the Arab world with the forces of monarchist reaction. They have not yet recognized the republicans in Yemen, ostensibly because Sallal and his men do not yet enjoy undisputed control of the country. But there is a suspicion, amounting to sure conviction, in Cairo and in some Arab minds elsewhere that Britain's policy is in fact dictated chiefly by the situation in Aden Colony and the South Arabian Federation that surrounds it. The port of Aden has one of Britain's major overseas military bases, recognized by the United States as an important part of the western strategic network and essential for the protection of the Persian Gulf oilfields upon which Britain relies for fuel supplies and substantial sterling income. According to Britain's defense planners, the security of the Aden base is vital to the United Kingdom for the next ten years.

But Aden is heavily dependent upon an immigrant population of eighty thousand Yemeni workers who oppose, almost to a man, the British government's policies. For years past, these immigrants supported in theory the creation of a political union throughout southern Arabia which would, in effect, bring Aden under Yemeni rule; but in practice they were deterred by the brutal rule of the Imam. Now, however, ideas of union have received new impetus, and British officials in Aden display acute nervousness at the thought that a successful republican régime in Sana might soon lay persuasive claim to the territory around the military base. Partly in order to forestall such a move, the British have just hurriedly pushed through a long-projected merger—against strong local opposition in Aden—between the colony of Aden and the neighboring South Arabian Federation, where the ruling sheikhs are mostly critical of Yemen's republicans and are expected to be strong enough to help subdue the prevailing pro-Yemeni and pro-Nasser sentiment in the colony.

The possibility of eliminating the Aden base and spreading unrest throughout the Arabian Peninsula was sufficient inducement for the Soviet Union immediately to take the side of Sallal and Nasser in their struggle with the Saudis. But so far, perhaps because they have already experienced some of the uncertainties of working in Yemen, the Russians have not pressed their luck too hard. It is less than seven years since the Imam Al Badr, then crown prince, brought the Russians into Arabia by signing an arms agreement with them. Soon they were shipping into Yemen huge quantities of small arms, tanks, and even aircraft, mostly from the Second World War. They built a new deep-water port at Hodeida, while the Chinese constructed the new road to Sana on which I met my Egyptian colonel. But the old Imam kept a wary eye on them, and long before the revolution many of them had gone home again, leaving the arms gathering dust and rust in the mountain caves where the Imam stored them. Now some four to five hundred Russians are back in Yemen, many of them helping to repair the arms their predecessors left. But their impact so far has been essentially marginal. This is not a situation in which Russia need yet pursue a very active policy. With nothing much to lose, it can afford to let the Arabs fight each other with no more than a few prods to help them on and a modest stake on the likely winner.

Not so the United States, however. Its interests are at stake on all sides. In Egypt since 1959 it has wagered more than $500 million, in one form or another, on Nasser, as a genuine nationalist and therefore the best antidote to Communism is the Middle East. In Saudi Arabia the United States has a huge financial and strategic interest in the

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oil production of Aramco. In Jordan also, it is financially committed to helping King Hussein and wishes to see him remain in power lest his downfall precipitate another round in the Arab-Israeli conflict. In Aden and the Persian Gulf its interests march with those of Britain. None of these can America readily surrender; to the United States, stability in Arabia is the first essential, orderly change the next. President Kennedy has tried to secure both out of the Yemen crisis, so far without much success. In spite of U.S. naval demonstrations in the Red Sea and some plain speaking in private to all sides in the dispute, his efforts at peacemaking have not yet succeeded. His public support of Faisal's program of reform in Saudi Arabia is still no more than a statement of hope, for it is too early to know whether the Saudis mean business this time, and it may be too dangerous to push them harder. Reforms too rashly undertaken can lead to revolution.

Paradoxically, perhaps the greatest hindrance to effective U.S. action is the even balance of American interests on all sides, creating a near paralysis. Where nothing can be surrendered, few risks can be taken. In such a situation, it is tempting to try to freeze the status quo, to secure a short-term stability even without change. For the moment, indeed, something like this may be the best that can be hoped for, with U.S. pressure and their own embarrassments inducing the antagonists in Yemen to accept an uneasy stalemate. But in the longer run, as the obsolete social and political order of Arabia gives way to more contemporary systems, no doubt the present balance of power will shift in favor of the republicans against the royalists, Nasser against the Saudis, and the workers of Aden against the sheikhs of the interior. The United States apparently thinks it right to try to help this change along, in the belief that only thus could the change be contained in orderly paths. If the United States finds that this also involves it in some embarrassments with those whom it would like have as friends, there may be some consolation in the thought that for Americans, as for Arabians, the path of "duty" is never smooth.

The Future of Tom Mboya

STANLEY MEISLER

FOR MOST AMERICANS, one dynamic young man, Tom Mboya of Kenya, symbolizes the onrush of African nationalism in the last few years. On his several trips to the United States, he has been publicized in rallies, television shows, and newspaper interviews. He is, for America, the magazine cover boy of Africa. But despite all the American cheers, Mboya is in deep political trouble at home, and some of the trouble stems from those very cheers.

Mboya has qualities that appeal to western taste. He is vigorous. He is efficient. He is moderate, though always frank and direct, in his speech. He seems to combine the shrewdness of a politician with the honor of a statesman.

Even the British settlers in Kenya, long displeased with the American encouragement of Mboya, have now come to regard him as a main hope for their survival when the colony becomes independent, perhaps some time this year or next. They trust him and would help him. The vision of an independent Kenya led by Mboya has replaced their shattered dream of a white man's Kenya.

But Mboya, now thirty-two, will not be at the helm when Kenya becomes independent. Kenya's first prime minister will be Jomo Kenyatta, convicted ten years ago of charges of managing the Mau Mau rebellion. Kenyatta, however, is now past seventy, and most observers expect that the country's leadership will pass to a younger man not long after he has savored the honor of leading his country to independence.

There are many forces in Kenya now maneuvering to make certain Mboya is not Kenyatta's successor. The power of these forces should reach a head in the next election, the final one before independence. No date has been set either for the election or for independence, but the British Colonial Office removed Sir Patrick Renison as governor last November 17 and named Malcolm MacDonald, known as a colonial trouble shooter, to take his place. Some observers interpret the switch as a step toward speeding independence, and the critical election that could decide the fate of Mboya may be just a few months away.

MBOYA, long a trade-union official, now is Kenya's minister of labor and general secretary of KANU (the Kenya African National Union), the colony's majority party. After years on the outside, he entered the government early in 1962 when his party formed a coalition with KADU (the Kenya African Democratic Union). He immediately faced difficult trials of his patience and skill. With Mboya in the government, the trade unions, possibly egged on by his opponents, suddenly choked Kenya with a series of strikes. Mboya's opponents gleefully watched the discomfort of the former union leader as he set about getting the men back to work. Mboya warned them that no country as poor as Kenya could afford to let its economy be crippled by strikes. If need be, he said, the government would abolish the right to strike. At the same time, he put pressure on the employers, mostly Britons, to stop living in their

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colonial past and begin recognizing the rights and dignity of their African workers. A series of impartial commissions were appointed to judge the disputes, and most of the unions went back to work.

Mboya's warning to the unions was typical of the kind of blunt and realistic talk he has employed more and more frequently as Kenya moves closer to independence. Many African nationalists, jockeying for power, often have been guilty of wild and sometimes harmful promises in the last stretch before independence. But Mboya continues to talk sense and reality. ". . . If we are going to build this country, it is going to call for sacrifices from all of us," he has said in the legislative council. "And these sacrifices must be forthcoming now, or by independence time it will be too late to recover."

His critics consider such statements a mere grandstand play for the non-African world. The Kenya press, mainly run by Britons and Asians, prints these statesmanlike orations and gilds them with glittering headlines. But, say the critics, his lofty appeals for sacrifice do more for his ego than his politics: few Africans heed or hear his words.

Critics view his statesmanlike words as no more important than his statesmanlike appearance. Since he accepted the post of minister of labor, his appearance has changed. His eyes often seem heavy and tired. Although he sometimes can be caught joking with fellow members of the legislative council, his usual public manner now is terse and reserved. In the eyes of his critics, these changes are part of a studied attempt by the young Mboya to make himself seem like a mature western statesman.

A Ban That Boomeranged

In short, Mboya, the symbol of African nationalism to the West, has become the symbol of western influence to some Africans. Neither image reveals his true role in Kenya today. His position is both complex and vital. Only a short excursion into recent Kenya history can help explain it.

Mboya was a young health inspector in Nairobi when the Mau Mau outburst rocked Kenya in 1952. This rebellion, steeped in blood and terrorizing rites, arose among the Kikuyu, Kenya's largest and most politically conscious tribe, making up a fifth of the population. The rebellion was nourished by the refusal of the British settlers to make any concession at all to Africans demanding some elected voice in the government. The British declared a state of emergency and jailed nationalist leader Jomo Kenyatta, a Kikuyu. To the white settlers, Kenyatta was the evil force that had inspired and managed Mau Mau. At the cost of $155 million and 13,547 dead—all but 124 of them African, and many of them killed by the Mau Mau—the British destroyed Mau Mau in four years.

During the emergency, the British barred all Kikuyu from taking part in politics. African political leadership had to fall to members of other tribes. Mboya, a Luo, was one of the new men who filled the breach left by the jailing and restriction of the Kikuyu leaders. In 1953, Mboya won leadership of the Kenya Federation of Labor. Since the British had banned African parties after Mau Mau, union leadership gave Mboya one of the few avenues to political power in the colony.

But the British did not want to see men like Mboya attain the political power once held by Kenyatta. Convinced that the Mau Mau was fathered by Kenyatta's Kenya African Union, the dominant political movement of Africans at the time, the British permitted only district political organizations when they let Africans form political associations again in 1955. No colony-wide organization could be formed. This prohibition restricted Mboya's overt politics to bossing a district party in Nairobi, the capital. He did, of course, gain some national fame: in 1957, Nairobi Africans elected him as their representative on the colony's legislative council. He also won some prominence throughout the colony by his leadership of the Kenya Federation of Labor. But the British watched his activities closely to make sure he did not turn the labor movement into a national political party.

Mboya began making his international contacts less than five years ago. At the age of twenty-eight, he was elected chairman of the All African People's Conference in Ghana. The election at so early an age brought him notice in the United States. He also decided to link his labor movement with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the non-Communist organization supported by the AFL-CIO. This contact brought him American money to build up the Kenya Federation of Labor. He further used his contacts in America to collect university scholarships for Kenya students. Without doubt, the admiration in America, when translated into money for unions and scholarships, helped Mboya at first to build up some national support at home despite the restrictions of the British.

This American aid angered the British settlers. Mboya was considered a radical nationalist, continually crying "one man, one vote." He aimed to destroy the system that allowed sixty-seven thousand European settlers more representation in the legislative council than six million Africans. Today his slogans seem almost clichés, conforming to the mainstream of nationalism that has carried most of Africa to independence in the last few years.

By 1960, the British government and the white settlers yielded to the onrush and agreed to a constitution that would give Africans control of the legislative council. Although many observers assumed that Mboya would dominate the African majority, he never had a chance. Neither did any of the other active African politicians. The British ban on national parties had made most of them local bosses instead of national leaders. Although Mboya had broken through this confinement somewhat, it had crippled him enough to make national command impossible. The only man who could command a national following was the imprisoned Jomo Kenyatta.

A strange election followed. While Kenyatta was under guard in the northern wastelands of Kenya, all the African politicians, including Mboya, campaigned in late 1960 and early 1961 on a platform pledging loyalty to Kenyatta. His release and eventual leadership were the only issues. Mboya's enemies tried to defeat him by accusing him of betraying Kenyatta and seeking power for

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himself. Mboya had to counter with new pledges of loyalty to Kenyatta.

The election eventually led to Kenyatta's freedom. KANU won the election but refused to form a government until Kenyatta was released. The British then allowed the minority KADU to govern, but this solution did not work. Kenyatta finally was freed, and became president of KANU. Mboya, as general secretary, became one of his lieutenants. No one doubted that Kenyatta, named a minister of state, would become prime minister of Kenya at independence. His lieutenants soon began a struggle for the succession. At first, Mboya seemed the likely winner. Perhaps this persuaded all the other strugglers to concentrate their energy on destroying him.

The Old Guard Grumbles

In the past few months it has become clear that Mboya's path to power in Kenya is blocked by many forces. First, he faces the opposition of the nationalists jailed with Kenyatta during Mau Mau. They resent the young upstart who assumed leadership while they languished in jail. They feel that the British stole ten years of their lives, and they mean to make that up as soon as possible. These bitter men look on Mboya as a usurper.

None of these men took part in the last election. But the British now have released them all, and they are using their martyrdom to attract votes and gain control of the governing KANU Party. One of them, Paul Ngei, recently marched into the party headquarters in Machakos, shut it down, and then reopened it with himself as chairman.

Kenyatta, who seems to be a weak, ambivalent party president, has not made it clear whether he sides with the old guard or with Mboya. Without doubt he has a sentimental attachment to the men jailed with him. But they have never had the responsibility of participating in government. Kenyatta knows that he needs the skills and experience of Mboya and other young men like him.

Kenyatta has attempted to placate both factions of his party, for he feels he needs a united party to ensure his election as the first prime minister of Kenya. But the unity has been shaky. The battle between old and young within the party should come to a head in the next election, expected some time this year.

MBOYA also faces opposition from a young element in the party—the Kikuyu intellectuals. These are the young men who spent the emergency years studying in universities and have returned only recently to Kenya. Their opposition is difficult to analyze, for on the surface it would seem that the hard and straightforward thinking of Mboya would attract them.

Part of their opposition simply stems from tribalism, although each one would deny this vehemently. But Mboya is a Luo, and they are Kikuyu. The Kikuyu, besides being the largest Kenyan tribe, are the most progressive. These young Kikuyu intellectuals should be the lieutenants of Kenyatta. Mboya, they think, has taken their place.

Another aspect of their opposition simply stems from snobbism. They have a university education; Mboya

has not. This snobbism may be a reaction to the chip on Mboya's shoulder. On occasion Mboya has indicated his distaste for all intellectuals —a strange distaste, for he ranks among the most intellectual of African politicians. Some Kenyans attribute his attitude to an unwarranted feeling of inferiority.

A third force opposing Mboya comprises a group of personal enemies. Mboya can be arrogant and ruthless, and he has aroused jealousy by his conquest of the world press. "We all would get angry," said one Kenyan who studied in America, "when he would come to the United States, make speeches, and get credit for everything." Many Kenya politicians have a strong personal dislike for him or feel that he has hurt them in some way. Despite his moderate and statesmanlike tones, Mboya can, if he sees fit, call out his young followers to smash an opponent's political rally.

His most vociferous enemy in Kenya is Oginga Odinga, the vice-president of KANU. Although Odinga often attacks Mboya on ideological grounds, almost every politician agrees that the quarrel is personal. Odinga, an older Luo, evidently feels he is due more respect from his fellow tribesman. Some observers believe he always has felt that the spotlight on Mboya was stolen from him.

Finally, Mboya faces opposition from anti-western elements in Kenya. Communist money has filtered into the colony, and almost all of it goes to Mboya's enemies. Most of the financing of Odinga's political campaigns comes from Moscow.

Communist ideology has made less headway than Communist money. Although Odinga issues rabid anti-western statements from time to time, few observers believe he is a Communist. He simply is an enemy of Mboya, using help from any source. In fact, there is a tendency in Kenya to accept this Communist interference as a part of the political game. Many Kenyans believe that Mboya's political power is based on American money. Thus it seems only fair to them that Mboya's enemy, Odinga, should derive his own power from Russia, the enemy of America.

Mboya denies that he receives any money for himself from America. He states he has seen American funds only in the form of aid to the Kenya Federation of Labor and of scholarships to students. But almost every politician in Kenya believes Mboya's pockets are stuffed with American money; and in Kenya politics, belief usually is more important than fact.

Kenya's awareness of the admiration for Mboya in America contributes to this image of him as a puppet of the West. Communist money would be less tolerated in Kenya if Mboya seemed less western.

The extent of the opposition, most of it in his own party, poses a dilemma for Mboya. He may feel that KANU suffers under the vacillation of Kenyatta, but he can make no at-

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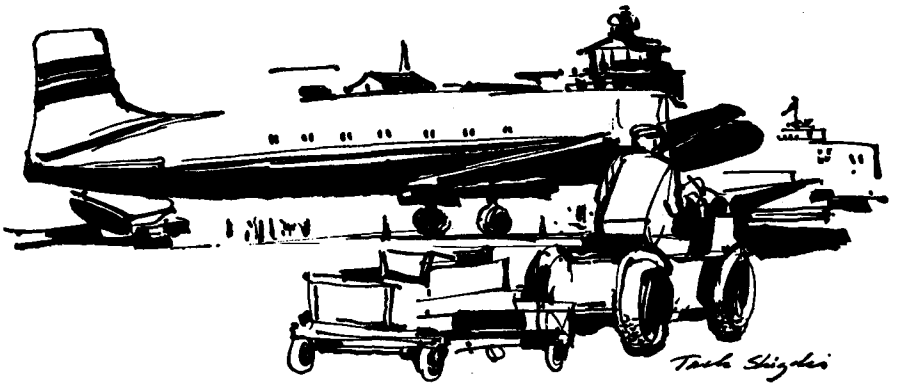
tempt to step in and tighten the organization. Such a step would provoke cries from his opponents that he was betraying the leadership of Kenyatta, the national hero. And Mboya, as a result of the British restrictions on parties after Mau Mau, does not have the national organization and following to buck Kenyatta.

Mboya is marked as an ambitious young man. His opponents do not have the same problem. Mboya has tried to brand his opponents as usurpers. At a recent press conference he attacked the "opportunists who hang onto Kenyatta's coattails." "To win their point," he said, "they wave Kenyatta's flag and pretend to be his only supporters while their true motive is to build their own personal positions and entrench themselves, and win his favor and the favor of the people." Without doubt, Mboya's analysis fits the Kenyatta situation, but he has difficulty convincing Kenyans that his opponents are more self-seeking than he. Any move made by Mboya seems generated by ambition; and ambition, in the context of Kenya politics, means betrayal of Kenyatta.

ONE ANSWER might be for Mboya and his supporters to leave Kenyatta's party and join the minority KADU. If this realignment could attract other elements in Kenya, KADU might then become the colony's majority party. But the majority would be a hollow one. No party could rule Kenya against the opposition of Kenyatta and the skilled, nationalistic Kikuyu tribe.

Mboya will probably continue serving as a lieutenant of Kenyatta's while trying to strengthen his position behind the façade. In a sense, this means Mboya will have to continue fighting with one hand shackled. His chances for attaining full power in independent Kenya some day are far from bright. But Mboya is a tough, resourceful political fighter. Although he has no national following, he has demonstrated often that he is a powerful vote-getter in Nairobi, even among members of other tribes. (He won ninety per cent of his district's vote in the last election.) No one should count Mboya out. But he has a tough struggle ahead, and American cheers will be of no use to him in the fight.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Survivors

HERBERT GOLD

HOLDING HIS TWO SONS by the hand as we waited to board an Air France flight to New York from Orly Airport near Paris last June 3, a short, plump Frenchman frowned at the fiery ribbon flailing into the sky at one end of the field and turned to me with the remark: *"Cent personnes viennent de mourir."*

"No," I said. "It must be something with the fuel." A moment later, the ribbon flung itself higher; then abruptly it whipped itself out; the flames gave way to black billows of smoke. No noise came to us behind our glass in the air-conditioned departure room. In slow silent motion, trucks and fire engines swept out and wheeled across the field.

"We won't depart for a while now," said the Frenchman, leading his sons away from the window. He was right about this. He was wrong about the number on board the flight chartered to carry a touring group from Paris to Atlanta by way of New York. There were a hundred and thirty people incinerated in an instant, without a sound for us who were in plain sight of the accident, but behind glass. The pilot of the Boeing 707 jet had begun the takeoff and then, too late to stop, had tried to brake the plane for reasons yet unknown. The black of melting and exploding tires had seared the field. Two stewardesses survived. They were in a tail section which was thrown free.

Within the terminal there was apparent calm. Baggage was being watched, newspapers rustled, candy munched. The plump Frenchman, who had accepted at once what he saw happening, retreated with his two sons, holding their hands. The boys were dressed *à l'Anglaise* in Eton suits. Their father was wearing a worn tweed hunting jacket and a cap and walked with a slight waddle. Watching them, I decided that the sons would grow up to be taller than their father.

Others who, like myself, had seen the accident with their own eyes began to ask themselves what had happened out there on the field. "A gasoline truck blew." "The brakes didn't work." "That last plane seems to have run into a little trouble." And a few minutes later: "I hear there were two people injured—local personnel." "Everything is normal, isn't it?"

We had seen it and not quite seen it. If my fellow passengers wanted to talk to themselves like this, I decided not to add any comment. At that moment I saw no duty to be a truth enforcer. When asked what I thought had occurred, I shrugged.

I also began to wander about the

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station in a state of hallucinated clarity, a condition that was to last all day and part of the night. I would not say I was outside myself, but merely that I was very busy. I have never been hypnotized, but I think that this was something like a hypnotic state, in which I remembered things I had barely perceived and would never otherwise have known I knew. Apparently I had noticed the passengers who had boarded the charter flight. We had shared the waiting room. They were all from Atlanta, and after a few months away from home I had been aware of the concentration of Southern accents. Now, like cards turning up, one after another of these people showed themselves to me. People I had not seen, I suddenly saw. Valises with hotel stickers, clear as nightmare. Voices, querulous and soft; worried travelers; Southern voices. My single previous impression had been a vague peripheral one of Southern voices; now the faces returned, flipped up like cards, one after the other; and tennis rackets, suitcases, packages, ribbons, pennants, hats, straw catchalls with souvenir stickers and tags.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT: *"There will be a delay of all flights.*

"Why?," people asked.

"The field has been blocked. There has been some trouble on the field. The field must be cleared."

Many wondered why the field was blocked. Though almost everyone had been told that an airplane had blown up, some had not yet understood. Some who had seen the jet airplane explode were sure that it had been a gasoline truck, a fuel flameout, an engine. They had asked the question but not listened for the answer. They had seen the event but not allowed it to be recognized.

"Why can't they use another runway?" asked a worried businessman.

"The wind," someone answered. "You have to take off against the wind. I was in the Air Force. Or maybe *with* the wind, I forget now. I was in the service during the war."

"Why do we have to wait? How long? I have an appointment first thing in New York. I'm being met. My friends worry a lot, especially when they buck the Sunday traffic out to Idlewild."

There was no official announcement that an airplane had exploded, killing 130 people. The bureaucrats behind their counters told various stories and the fretful bureaucratic faces looked no different than usual —just fretful. Some looked strainedly genial. The crowd of delayed travelers decided, as a group, not to understand what had happened. It was impossible. It had not happened. Like cards, the faces and bodies of the dead kept turning up toward me —tennis rackets, suitcases, packages, ribbons, pennants, hats, straw catchalls—as I strolled the terminal with my fretful or genial face, seeming to be looking for something. I was first indulging the cards turning up in my head, the faces now beginning to grow very familiar to me, but then seeking to find the means to deny them. They were not relevant. My flight was delayed and someone was waiting for me in New York. The

way we sometimes hum to ourselves a song as an anti-song, to rid ourselves of a melody grinding away in our ears, I strove to remember some lines by the poet Thom Gunn:

> Much that is natural, to the will must yield.
> Men manufacture both machine and soul,
> And use what they imperfectly control
> To dare a future from the taken routes.

In the meantime, Air France was receiving passenger complaints. The terminal was jammed with backed-up flights. The chief complaint seemed to be: "Aw, this was supposed to be a meal flight. I didn't even get my breakfast. When are we gonna get fed?"

Met by death and disaster, the tourist felt hungry. In his defense, let it be said that the disaster seemed curiously abstract from within that air-conditioned, aluminum-and-glass, Scandinavian- or Detroit-designed building. There was a pure ribbon of fire whipping into the air, true, and then a dense black smudge, and perhaps the cards of faces turning up one after another in other heads besides mine, Southern flush on Southern faces. But we were viewers and spectators and bystanders wounded in our own ways. Many of us felt ravenous. "They advertised the complimentary luncheon. The travel agent told me personally champagne. They call this Air France service?"

LABORIOUSLY, like a hurt organism shaking itself and returning to the habits of life, Air France took cognizance of the emergency. The silent trucks had slid back and forth over the field. There was very little more to do out there. Soon the flights of other airlines, El Al, Alitalia, and Pan American, began to head down the cleared runways. Mystified, Air France passengers were still delayed. An announcement came over the loudspeaker in several languages: *"All Air France passengers will please go to the terminal restaurant for a complimentary dinner."*

This was about two hours after the explosion.

There was a starved rush toward the little dining room. No one bit or scratched, but there were intense struggles for place, with delicate use of elbows and cold eyes. Those who could not be seated at once stood outside, gazing magic wishes at the fortunate eaters inside.

By this time, of course, almost all but the most bewildered knew what had happened to the Air France Boeing 707 with 130 passengers from Atlanta. It was long past their mealtimes by now. Like me, some of them must have called up memories of those passengers we had all seen in the waiting room, people like us, in transit, waiting to board their flight for Atlanta via New York.

Still nervously strolling, trying to get out of sight for the cards turning up in my head, I passed the crowd waiting to be admitted to the res-

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taurant. Apparently I stared at a woman waiting with her weeping daughter outside. Food smells—roast beef, French bread, wine, and coffee—were flooding out of the crowded room, along with the angry smell of nervous human beings. No animal, not even the caged lion, smells worse than the human being in distress. The lady at whom I stared said to me in French, with a heavy accent, with furious apology: "It's for my child! I'm not hungry! Do you think I can eat? The child is hungry!"

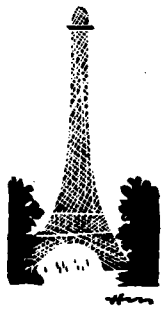
I hastily apologized for staring.

"We have a long journey from Turkey. I am taking my child alone. She is a little upset by the trip. My husband always sends us away for the vacation. Did you see any good plays while you were in Paris, sir?"

WHAT HAPPENS when a group of human beings is struck by disaster? They recoil. Then they survive as best they can. This is natural and, surely, admirable. It is one of the reasons that William Faulkner felt convinced of the worthiness of human beings to prevail on earth. We are tough and responsive at our best. But this was a different enterprise of survival on June 3, 1962, in the airport at Orly. The famous novelist's admonition to dignity under disaster did not apply. The catastrophe had struck others, not ourselves. We were as near as we could be to it without being hurt, and we were not hurt. A rose-fever sufferer informed me that for the first time during his tour in Europe, his nasal passages were clear. We were insulated from the world by glass and technique; we breathed filtered air, we were soothed by a melodramatic and comfortable framing of the event. There was no way to participate, to help the victims, even to help ourselves. Any emotion at all seemed an excess of that required. Were we really there? We were present on the scene, that's all. We were not responsible. We were not relevant.

Perhaps panic, like a slight fever, clears the sinuses. Perhaps some, like me, went into a dreamy trance of total recall, remembering faces, remembering voices we had barely heard in our abstracted personal arranging of a departure. Perhaps some had reacted by leaving the airfield to take sea passage homeward; perhaps some even prayed. The Turkish lady took her child to eat. I wandered the huge building, poking into corners, looking for something to do.

Now I must ask you to recall the happy reputation of the French girl. There is a myth about Frenchwomen, a sentimental asperity which is ascribed to them, and I believe there is some justice in the myth. Passing through Orly two months before, with ten hours between planes, I had tried to check my valise for the day while I went to Paris. The checking facilities had been removed because of plastic bombs which were then being hidden by terrorists in places like checkrooms. "Do you mean I have to carry all my stuff into town for one day?," I had demanded. *"Oui,"* said the impassive clerk. But I had struck up a conversation with an Air France hostess and, in the time-honored way, had teased, flirted, and conned her into



keeping my suitcase in her personal locker. It is the sort of thing a well-brought-up French girl might do for a stranger who speaks nicely to her. The rules of the game are one thing; the good nature of the French girl is another. I offered to open the suitcase to show her that there was no *plastique,* but she just laughed. I thanked her for her kindness, went on my way, and picked up my belongings that evening.

NOW, two months later, I met that Air France ground hostess talking with a group of irate passengers. They were delayed; they wanted to know when they would get out; they wanted to know what was being done for them. I watched her face, a little ordinary, soft, and sweet; very serious, however, in response to their questions. She looked trim in her blue uniform, nicely corseted, with legs a little more plump than is the American ideal. Patiently she explained and answered. I greeted her and she remembered me. I remarked that she looked tired and asked her to sit a while with me. I told her that I was waiting for my flight to go out, that it had been the one scheduled directly after the chartered Boeing 707.

"Mon dieu!," she said. *"C'est affreux."*

We signaled sympathy to each other. In order to have something to say in the silence that followed, I made the banal remark that I found the behavior of the passengers in the terminal disconcerting.

"What can they do?" she asked me. *"C'est affreux.* No one can do anything." And she kept on saying *mon dieu, mon dieu,* chattering a little like a schoolgirl, troubled and holding back tears. *"Mon dieu, que c'est affreux!"* Her face was slightly swollen. She was very tired. She kept jumping up to perform various tasks, but each time returned to where I was sitting. Since we knew hardly anything more about the disaster than that it had happened and that we happened to be present, there was little we could say to each other. But this catastrophe led to talk of others, and she spoke to me of her personal involvement in the Algerian national disaster as we just sat on a leather couch in the middle of an enormous waiting room. She said that she wished she could do something for the Algerian *pieds-noirs* then flooding the capital. She tried to make them comfortable as they arrived: coffee, biscuits, civil answers to their confused questions. What else could she do?

Nothing.

What else could anyone do?

"Nous, des individus, vous savez. . . ."

She talked on sweetly, mildly, with that French sweetness that men have always loved in the French girl, chic in her natty blues, without a perfect figure, with legs a little full and a heavier crease than we ordinarily approve of at the place where the calf joins the knee. Saying: *"Mon dieu, qu'ils ont souffert les Algériens, les Arabes, les Français! Des morts, des blessés!"* With her good French education in words, with a simple vocabulary appealing to God and to

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the sense of horror and justice, she spoke of the miseries of the Algerian refugees. Her eyes were red-rimmed beneath the adroit mascara because she had been working, not weeping, fighting back the tears, not weeping over the fate of the hundred and thirty passengers bound for Atlanta *dans l'état de Georgia.*

"Dans le sud."

"Mon dieu!"

Behind her voice, I heard the murmur of small talk in Southern accents of the departing passengers. *Much that is natural, to the will must yield.*

Now I must apologize for an embarrassing admission. I thought of asking her to come back to America with me and be my bride. This thought was very pressing and insistent. It was a foolish impulse, but I had trouble putting it down. Every argument that I could think of at the moment was in favor. Whatever force was turning up the cards in my head, showing me the faces of people I had not known I had seen, was also asking me to make a new fate for myself. I did not know her name, but she helped me to know where I was: on earth. Within an aluminum-and-glass air-conditioned building but on earth. Despite the desperate eaters—the last of them were just then being served their complimentary dinner by Air France—the Turkish lady, the surly waiters, the glazed bureaucrats behind counters who refused to answer questions or told their silly official lies, the police and the porters, and the busy and the irascible, there were points of anchorage on earth. We had joined our eyes in private feeling. We could touch reality together, and we could answer it back. This is very like love.

When she went off duty, we said good-by casually, like old friends, and then shook hands. "I hope to see you next time," I said.

"Next time."

I had never asked her name.

FOR NEARLY TWELVE HOURS I wandered in that terminal, looking for those Southern faces that I kept finding everywhere in my head, consoled for their loss, unconsoled, straggling. Hours ago I should have arranged to get myself on another flight. The one for which I had been scheduled seemed to be particularly

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delayed by its proximity to the accident, but I was not thinking systematically. I was straggling.

Near midnight I went into the men's room. It was empty except for me and one other man. He was an African who looked like a once-tall man who had been artificially shortened, wizened, blue-black, gnarled and distant in his western clothes. The collar of his shirt was so large that the shirt fitted like a shawl about his neck. He was wearing blue serge and a wide white satin tie of a cut that looked vaguely zoot, vaguely Soviet. He had a serious, puckered-up, shrunken face and was applying himself to washing his hands with many tentative motions toward the hot water, cold water, soap, towels. He played like a careful pilot with various manipulations of strange nozzles and apertures, buttons and cranks. Washing the hands is not uncomplicated if you have arrived in this Scandinavian-modern, Detroit-modern outpost from a more natural land. But he knew what he was doing. He was washing his hands —that was what he was doing. He succeeded. He dried them approximately by snapping them at the wrists into the sink, ignoring the paper towels, sprinkling little drops into the basin. Then he recognized the towels for what they are and plucked out one. He was intelligent. He knew exactly what to do with a towel and wet hands.

While I was still thinking about the 130 human creatures on board the Air France charter flight, I had grown very tired. My legs ached from walking. I was now watching another survivor and grew interested in him. At last finished with his hands, he bent to his shoes; to tie them, I thought, but no. He took them off. Then he unrolled his socks and removed them.

This sawed-off Watusi, this elongated pygmy, then gazed dreamily at me and began walking barefoot across the tiles of a men's room at the airport of Orly at midnight. He stopped before a urinal. He rolled up his pants legs. He put one foot in the urinal, leaned on it, and pulled the lever. Water flushed over his foot and ankle. Then he removed it, put the other foot in, leaned on it. A steamy tumble of water. He sighed.

I had entered the men's room with one of the least complicated of purposes in mind—to urinate. But how could I now? A diplomat from one of the "emergent African nations" would return to his tribe to tell of air disasters and of how afterwards he saw a white man, a North American, urinating in the footbath.

I held my counsel. I sneaked around a corner to perform the act shamefully in another, concealed footbath. Remembering the booklet that came with my passport, in which the State Department informed me of my responsibilities as an American abroad—I was an American, a representative of Americans, practically an ambassador, I should pee with care—I had an impulse to giggle like a child. I washed my hands afterward, snapping the water into the basin. Then lightened, chipper, I hurried up to the Air France counter to begin a long argument about getting on the very next flight to New York.

The father protecting his tall sons, the girl, the African, and even my own rapt hypnosis—that turning up of the cards showing the faces of the dead—had finally brought me back to the efficient actions of life. Like the Turkish lady and the other ardent eaters, I had found my own way to thrust aside the travelers from Atlanta with their suitcases and straw bags containing the overflow of souvenirs, their jokes about touring together, their Southern affability, their anxiety as they hastened to the difficult voyage ahead of them which we all must make one day soon.

Who Is That Laughing?

WARD S. JUST

It would be exhilarating to report that the nation's capital, not to mention the Atlantic Alliance, will never be the same since the nightly seminars of a London revue called *The Establishment* at the Washington Theater Club. In the light of its six-week engagement (the show decamped for New York in mid-January), it would be appropriate to print detailed reactions of important administration officials. How many performances did the Attorney General attend? Did he laugh? How about the Bright Young Men? Was Bundy there? Alas, we shall never know. Nobody's admitting anything. The government has clammed up, and for all that a reporter can find out, *The Establishment* moved in and out of town as smoothly as an oil lobbyist.

Why all the mystery? Well, said one worldly Washingtonian, what do you suppose would be the reaction in England if the British press found out that American officials were laughing hysterically at the portrayal of Harold Macmillan as a doddering old fool? Of Defence Minister Peter Thorneycroft and Deputy Prime Minister R. A. Butler as the Laurel and Hardy of British politics? There is ample Anglo-American sensitivity as it is. In fact *The Establishment* is a low, mean, dirty, foul, and thoroughly unwarranted attack on man and all his works, particularly British man and British works, and specifically the Macmillan government. Less professional than *Beyond the Fringe,* more pointed than Mort Sahl, it has the same endearing qualities of Sammy Glick before he turned pro. It is also very, very funny.

Comparisons are in order. Nothing anybody has ever done on Jacqueline Kennedy equals Eleanor Bron's parody of a shrill Queen Elizabeth conferring "the precious gift of independence" on some unfortunate colony. Vaughn Meader's Presidential impersonation is a Disney cartoon compared with John Fortune's savage portrayal of a Macmillan who forgets the identity of his new foreign secretary. "What is that chap's name?" Macmillan inquires blankly. Jeremy Geidt is every grinning, toothy sports announcer who ever lived and a few who haven't as he interviews Jomo Kenyatta on the soccer situation in the Home Counties. It is a madcap exercise in irrelevance, with the announcer

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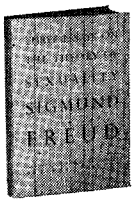

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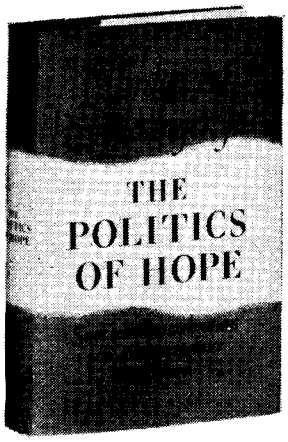

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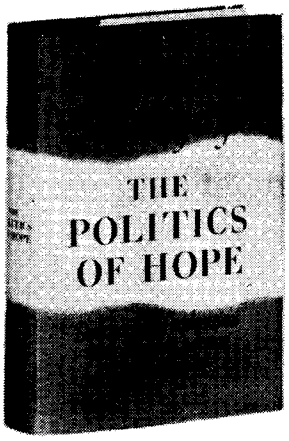

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prattling on about goals and goalies and Kenyatta predicting blood in the streets "when I am Queen."

The pillar of *The Establishment* is a twenty-five-year-old Oxbridge type named John Bird. As Kenyatta, as Peter Thorneycroft, as a British businessman, Bird tells us what we are fighting for—chaos. For those New Yorkers who have been unable to keep current with the Skybolt controversy, there is no need to import the West Coast edition of the *Times*. Bird and Geidt will tell you all you need to know. "If Britain is to be America's first line of defense," Bird's Thorneycroft says, "it's only natural that Britain pay for it." Not only natural, but patriotic. Was there a useful exchange of views at Nassau? "Of course," Thorneycroft says, "McNamara expressed his view very forcefully—and we agreed with it." The vicious parody of *Advise and Consent* left one Washington correspondent muttering to his partner, "Salacious, salacious."

Salacious it is not. That is, no one will be incited to lust after watching the performance. The show does not really incite anybody to anything. In that respect, if in no other, it resembles the editorial page of, say, the Hartford *Courant*. Visit *The Establishment* and you visit a small private planet.

As a backdrop to the political incendiarism, the troupe has imported a twenty-two-year-old singer named Carole Simpson who recites nihilistic folk songs. The lyrics sound as if they were snatched from an unpublished volume of Brecht. They are first-rate, and so is she.

What the U. S. government thinks of *The Establishment* may never be disclosed. But what *The Establishment* thinks of the U. S. government could soon become common knowledge. The players have seen Washington at work, and reliable authority has it that at least one New Frontier skit is being prepared. The theme will doubtless reflect Bird's private view that the Vaughn Meader performance is criticism so light that it is no criticism at all.

FOR REASONS cited above, it is politically risky to give a full report on *The Establishment's* penetration of Washington. This reporter, however, is able to reveal on John Bird's authority that one night in late December a telephone call was received at the theatre midway through the first act. It was the Florida White House, and the President wanted to talk with a high official who was in the audience. Sorry, Palm Beach was told, but the show had started and no interruptions were permitted. At that point, Himself took the receiver. Apologies were repeated. Oh, all right, the President is quoted as saying, I'll reach him tomorrow. Kingdoms have fallen for less.

The New Parabolist

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

PARIS

ON A freezing afternoon at the Vieux Colombier, the famous old avant-garde theatre on the Left Bank, an intense young man recently provided a glimpse into the turbulent world of Soviet literary politics.

He was Andrei Voznesensky, a twenty-nine-year-old poet. Although a member of the Yevtushenko generation, he did not begin to publish until 1958 and is hardly as well known in the West as the author of "Babi Yar." Yet if his poetry reading is any indication, he may represent a much more important phenomenon than Yevtushenko. The latter rejects socialist realism in the style of socialist realism, and he has recently won praise from conservative Soviet critics because of his poems in favor of Fidel Castro. Voznesensky is something else again: his lyrics treat of art and love and are composed of the stuff of genuine poetry.

The audience at the Vieux Colombier was half Russian, half French, half literary, half political. André Breton, the lion-headed veteran of Paris surrealism, sat a few rows behind Louis Aragon, poet,

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novelist, and the Communist culture commissar in France.

Voznesensky's dress was the first important symbolic utterance of the day. He wore a suit of European cut, a blue sweater, a silk scarf at his throat, and casual American-style shoes. In San Francisco's North Beach he would have passed unnoticed. The young Russian de-

claimed his verse in the grand manner, with a passion almost reminiscent of Dylan Thomas. A harried woman, translating into French, had a difficult time of it since Voznesensky kept insisting on introducing each lyric with anecdotes and comments and also engaging in a dialogue with members of the audience. In any case, the Russian declamation had a peculiar effectiveness of its own; there was usually applause even before the translation was made.

Most of the poems Voznesensky recited had little or nothing to do with politics. Typical of his work was "The Parabolic Ballad," which merited an attack from another Russian poet. "I do not like the parabola; I like the straight line," wrote Yaroslav Smelyakov. His words are an excellent definition of the contending poetic schools in the Soviet Union, the parabolists and the straight-liners. In "The Parabolic Ballad," Voznesensky thinks of Gauguin, who:

. . . coming from Montmartre,
made a detour by way of Java and
Sumatra

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in order to arrive at the royal Louvre.
He took off, forgetting the insanity
of money,
the chatter of wives,
the stuffiness of the Academy.
He overcame
the law of gravity.

And in another poem he read that afternoon, Voznesensky made the same point: "One seeks India—one finds America!"

THIS INDIRECT approach, this refusal of the poetic straight line that dominated Communist writing for so long and still exercises a profound influence, leads Voznesensky to an exploration of basic human experiences in a language beyond politics. In his "You Are Seated, You Are with Child and Pale," he writes:

The women stand upright, like idols
of stone
and offer their bellies to the moon,
turning toward the light
in a night, primitive and empty.
The world, with its enormous belly,
Comprehends them.

The poetry young Voznesensky read was significant enough. It had a lyric and undogmatic quality about it that has been almost unknown in Communist verse since the destruction of the first revolutionary generation of writers in the Stalinist terror. But equally interesting were the comments made by the poet himself.

At one point, Voznesensky spoke warmly of Boris Pasternak. Earlier, he had told some Parisians that when he began to write, he had made a pilgrimage to the author of *Doctor Zhivago.* Pasternak looked at his poems and said they were good, that he himself might have written them. This disturbed Voznesensky, and he told the Parisians that he had then set out to write some poems that would be more uniquely his own.

Without mentioning that Pasternak remains condemned for *Doctor Zhivago,* Voznesensky spoke of him as one would of an ultimate poetic authority. He was illustrating the problems of translation and the necessary arrogance of the creative writer, and told of an incident when someone reproached Pasternak for an inaccurate rendering of Shakespeare into Russian. "The important thing," Voznesensky quoted Pasternak as saying, "is not that the words match up. The important thing is that Shakespeare was a genius and so am I."

Someone from the audience asked what Voznesensky thought of surrealism. The answer would have infuriated a dialectical critic in Moscow: surrealism was a poetic movement with good poets and good poetry, and the real question is not the ism but the quality of the work; one follows wherever genius and insight lead.

At one point, Voznesensky read a poem to an American strip teaser. (He had traveled in the United States some time ago.) In the French translation, it sounded like an e. e. cummings lyric to a prostitute. The poet thinks of the shame and the humiliation; the dancer is untouched by his ruminations and only wants a cigarette and a drink. In discussing his American poems, Voznesensky insisted, "I am not a journalist, I am a poet. The themes are themes, but the poems are not reports."

In Moscow, the battle of the factions goes on. Yevtushenko seems in many ways to be a sort of politician of poetry. At the Vieux Colombier many in the audience felt that they were seeing something much more momentous and perhaps much more revolutionary.

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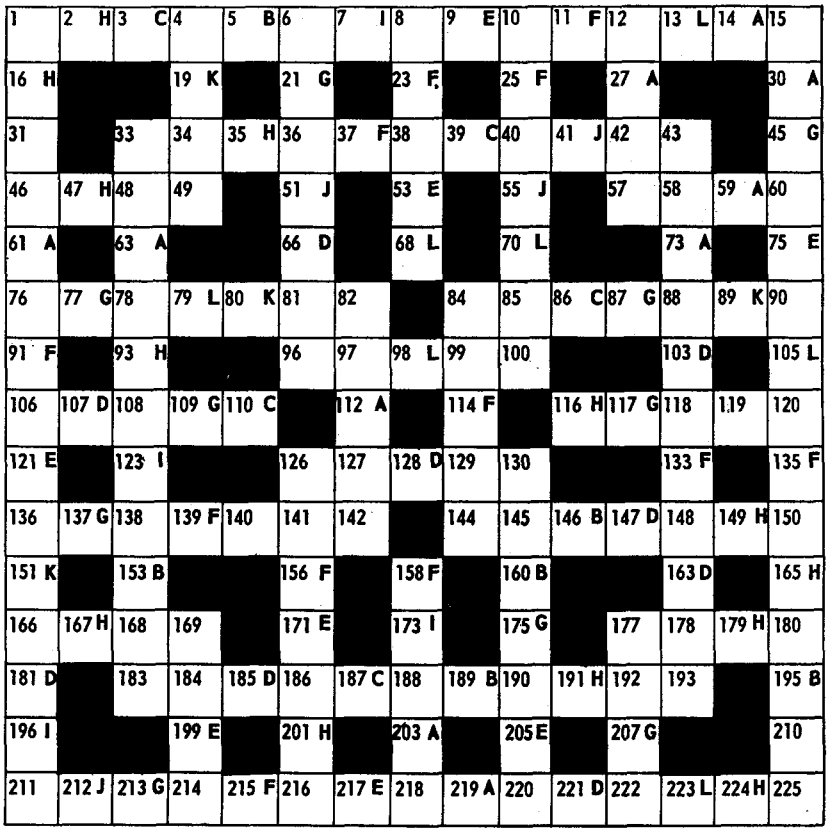
THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 72

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 14 73 203 61 27 30 63 112 219 59 Athenian politician and general (450?–404 B.C.)

B. 195 153 189 5 146 160 A city in central Japan.

C. 110 39 86 187 3 A device for handling a small boat.

D. 221 185 128 66 181 103 163 147 107 Tiny Tim's Christmas dinner (4,5).

E. 121 217 205 199 75 53 171 9 To cause a plant to lighten by excluding light.

F. 158 23 114 37 135 139 25 91 156 215 11 133 A title applied to the Acrostician (3,2,7).

G. 21 77 45 87 213 109 137 207 117 175 Holmes character at the breakfast table (8,2).

H. 224 167 35 93 191 116 201 2 165 179 16 149 47 The time in Lent when the Introit begins with Isaiah 66:10 (7,6).

I. 123 7 173 196 A debauchee.

J. 55 41 212 51 Said of a great theatrical hit (1,3).

K. 19 89 80 151 The middle tunic of the eye.

L. 70 13 79 105 223 98 68 Any of six isomeric compounds used in dye manufacture (alt. sp.).

Across

1. A British official who has hitched his wagon to a star? (10,5).
33. A principal work of the Acrostician (3,5,3).
46. A vortex (of emotions) when piggy relations gather round.
57. The finest community holds a snug retreat.
76. A lean cur has to do with a mass of nervous gray matter.
84. The confused little clergyman holds love up, not to scorn, but to spin.
96. The father of a complex man.
106. You can be this with its center or a flock of cattle about.
116. The second growth crop found in something new or something old.
126. With tact, I can be silent.
136. This vehicle doesn't run into the post but with it. (4,3).
144. Descry stalwart men
They hold quartz.
166. Zola girl and Barrie nurse.
177. Queen whose demise is proverbial for stale news.
183. Flings one mace at this beaming countenance (7,4).
211. A herd-created lock for what the baby sitter did (6,3,6).

Down

1. But this canine in such a place is really a hog! (1,3,2,3,6).
4. "Peace," said Wotan, "of one hue or another."
6. Columnar whalebones hold this sea animal.
8. Such an ancient civilization seems to be asking permission for 177 across.
10. Takes it easy with true choppers, I hear.
12. Apostrophize prohibition in a Scottish town.
15. When fifty fleece lint, unit of small power results (6,9).
33. Racegoers or followers of the Oxford Movement?
43. Park where one blows his top?
82. Palindromic detector.
84. Ruin a hundred in a kind of Norwegian poetry.
126. A doublet dealt and squealed.
130. A very strong cart is a part of the congestion on the road.
158. Oz people lose kin and chew crunchily.
169. I am okay? No, I've a homicidal mania (var. sp.)
177. Roman deeds on the Roman seashore.

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BOOKS

Fiction in India

ROBIN WHITE

One of the most remarkable post-war developments in India has been the efflorescence of art. Despite centuries of inactivity, despite the absence of critical guideposts, despite an almost oppressively strong national emphasis on politics and technology, this resurgence has, in the less than fifteen years since independence, already made an international impression with films like *Pather Panchali,* the performances of dance and music troupes, and a brilliant array of new painting. Writers have also participated in the activity, but against odds far greater than those governing the field of artistic endeavor as a whole. Indeed, the writer has never faced a more difficult or intricate task than in India. The problems are unique, and an appreciation of them is impossible without some grasp of the complexities with which the Indian writer has to deal.

The most important of these is the society itself. Like the United States, India has been a social "melting pot," but on a vastly broader scale and over an enormous period. So far as we know, the original inhabitants were Negroid. Onto this base came successive overlays of Dravidians, Aryans, Chinese, and Arabs; there was also the Greek penetration under Alexander—all this prior to the advent of the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and, finally, the British. Thus the full social and racial spectrum, from China to Europe, is contained within India; and so today there just is no such thing as the "typical" Indian. In fact the Indian national image, if it can be called that, is a kaleidoscope of peoples and customs, and it is within this shifting, inclusive structure that the writer must choose and motivate his characters.

Regardless of skill, his selection will be governed and restricted by geography. Unlike the United States, which is oriented on an east-west basis within the temperate zone, its physical lines forming the four literary divisions of New England, the South, the Great Plains, and the West, India stretches as far north to south as it does east to west, lying half in the temperate zone, half in the tropics, and the physical differences are extreme: the Himalayas, the central river plains, the southern tablelands, the Eastern and Western Ghats, the jungles, and desert. The literary map further divides these areas, following the lines of every state. Thus a writer from Kerala, for instance, is practically dealing with another country in the state of Madras, despite the fact that these are the two sister states of the south.

The situation is further complicated by religion. While the United States can be considered basically Christian, we pride ourselves on religious tolerance. In comparison to India, we do not even know the meaning of the concept. Hinduism happens to be India's dominant religion, and in its diversity reflects the national scene perfectly—one reason, perhaps, why Christianity has never been able to progress beyond a static two per cent of the population—but it is impossible not to consider as real and important influences the other major religions represented there. Besides the principal Christian denominations to be found in the United States and Europe, India possesses in substantial numbers adherents of most known religions: Moslems, Buddhists, Jews, Jains, Sikhs, Parsees. Since association between these groups is limited, it is difficult for a writer from one to know very much about the internal motivational problems of another.

Nor can the writer count on the guidance of India's literary heritage in coping with the national scene. The Mahabharata and Ramayana would be great epics in any language; the plays of Kalidasa are magnificent; the Panchatantra and other fables of ancient India have a mischievous enchantment all their own. But this tradition left off centuries ago and is no guide, any more than Aesop, Homer, and Boccaccio would be guides for a Europe culturally asleep for centuries and awakening to find itself in literary competition with the contemporary generation of world writers. The tradition of the novel came to India late, and it came from outside, via Kipling and E. M. Forster, both of whom wrote of northern India while India was under British rule. Such contributions are outdated, and the resulting critical vacuum has left India fumbling in a way that finds the country hailing *Peyton Place* as a great novel.

All these various problems are compounded by the existence in India of 845 languages and dialects. Fourteen are major, with distinctly dissimilar alphabets and literary histories that predate the inception of western civilization. We feel, for instance, that it is an international experience to make a flight in which

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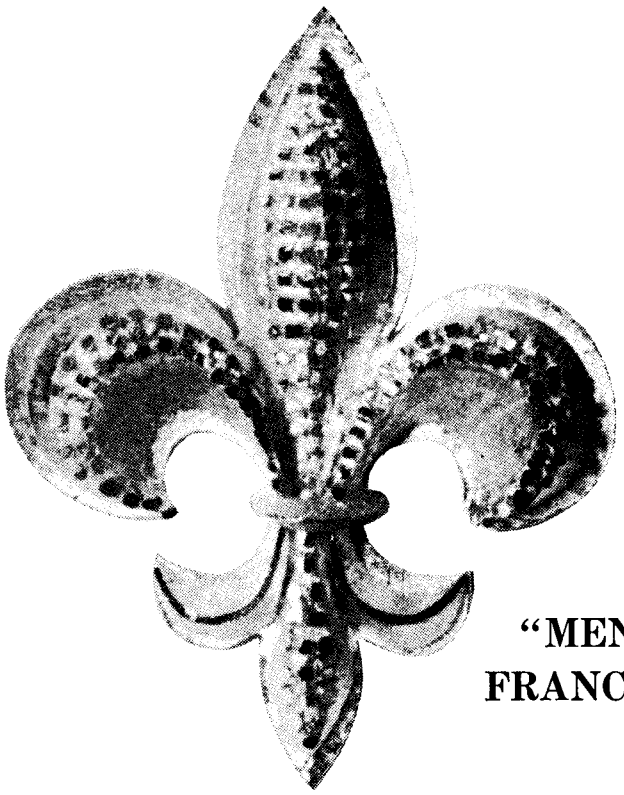

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the hostess repeats her instructions in three languages; Indian currency spells out its values in eight. If the writer employs one of these as his vehicle, his primary audience is limited to that section of the country which speaks it; if he writes in English—the real national language of India—his audience is limited to the English-speaking minority and partisans in other countries who may publish him. In either case, earning a living as a full-time writer is very nearly impossible. Those drawn to writing as a profession are apt to be financially independent, and in India the only financially independent people are the upper castes—which in turn imposes a limitation of viewpoint, since the wealthy, western-educated upper castes are inclined either to romanticize the problems of the vast poor or to disregard them altogether.

To be a writer in India, then, is to attempt to grapple with a mass of complexities without parallel. We feel that we are democratic with two parties; India has at least four, each with liberal and conservative wings, extremists and middle-of-the-roaders. We feel rather stratified with possible social mobility through three layers; Hinduism has divided India into a multitude of layers, each with different customs and protected by marriage traditions.

Hopeless as the Indian writer's task might seem, the challenge has been met with some success, mainly because the writers themselves tend to be as diverse as the nation. The list of them therefore must be inclusive rather than exclusive, even as India itself is an inclusive, kaleidoscopic culture: it must include the forerunners like Kipling, Tagore, and Forster as well as present practitioners

NOVELS FROM INDIA

The following works by the Indian writers mentioned in Mr. White's article are listed as being in print and available in the United States. Those priced under $2 are in paperback.

R. K. NARAYAN:

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT. *Michigan State. $3* (1953); *Noonday. $1.25* (1959).
GRATEFUL TO LIFE AND DEATH. *Michigan State. $3* (1953).
THE GUIDE. *Viking. $3.50* (1958).
THE MAN-EATER OF MALGUDI. *Viking. $3.95* (1961).
THE PRINTER OF MALGUDI. *Michigan State. $3.50* (1957).
SWAMI AND FRIENDS and THE BACHELOR OF ARTS: TWO NOVELS OF MALGUDI. *Michigan State. $3.95* (1954).
WAITING FOR THE MAHATMA. *Michigan State. $3.50* (1955).

R. PRAWER JHABVALA:

AMRITA. *Norton. $3.95* (1956).
ESMOND IN INDIA. *Norton. $3.95* (1958).
GET READY FOR BATTLE. *Norton. $3.95* (to be published February 11).
THE HOUSEHOLDER. *Norton. $3.95* (1960).
THE NATURE OF PASSION. *Norton. $3.95* (1957).

KAMALA MARKANDAYA:

NECTAR IN A SIEVE. *Day. $3.95* (1955); *Signet. 50¢.*
A SILENCE OF DESIRE. *Day. $4* (1960).

BALACHANDRA RAJAN:

THE DARK DANCER. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95* (1958).
TOO LONG IN THE WEST. *Atheneum. $4.50* (1962).

KHUSHWANT SINGH:

I SHALL NOT HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE. *Evergreen. $1.95* (1959).
MANO MAJRA. *Evergreen. $1.95.* (1956).
TRAIN TO PAKISTAN. *Black Cat. 50¢* (1961).

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA:

A GODDESS NAMED GOLD. *Crown. $3.95* (1960).

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like R. K. Narayan and Balachandra Rajan; it must include Rumer Godden and Christine Weston as well as Kamala Markandaya; it must include John Masters as well as Khushwant Singh, Bhabani Bhattacharya, and Raja Rao; it must include Santha Rama Rau, who is married to an American, as well as the German-born R. Prawer Jhabvala, who is married to an Indian. For all of these have specialized knowledge and have succeeded with it by treating the Indian kaleidoscope as a varying background against which to play the drama of unvarying human needs.

Diversity, however, cannot in itself long provide a solution to the literary treatment of India's complexities; and the period in which any Caucasian writer can claim inclusion in the picture is rapidly nearing an end. The responsibility for the direction of Indian literature thus evolves primarily upon the indigenous Indian writer and the manner in which he is currently attempting to cope with the problems of the national scene. The principals in this group are R. K. Narayan, Khushwant Singh, Kamala Markandaya, and, her origin notwithstanding, Mrs. Jhabvala.

Of the four, Narayan has perhaps been the most successful, and certainly the most distinguished, in his management of the problems of geography, religion, and the absence of a national prototype. Discussing these in 1953, he wrote: "Every writer now hopes to express through his novels and stories the way of life of the group of people with whose psychology and background he is most familiar, and he hopes that this picture will not only appeal to his own circle but also to a larger audience outside." Although such a statement is neither original nor profound, it constitutes, despite its shoal of local-color implications, a step of major importance in Indian literary thought when juxtaposed with the tedious rehashing of the stories of gods and kings that has dominated Indian literature for the past several hundred years. Indeed, just as Faulkner focused the American South through the lens of a single county, so Narayan has attempted to draw the whole of India into perspective through his own private

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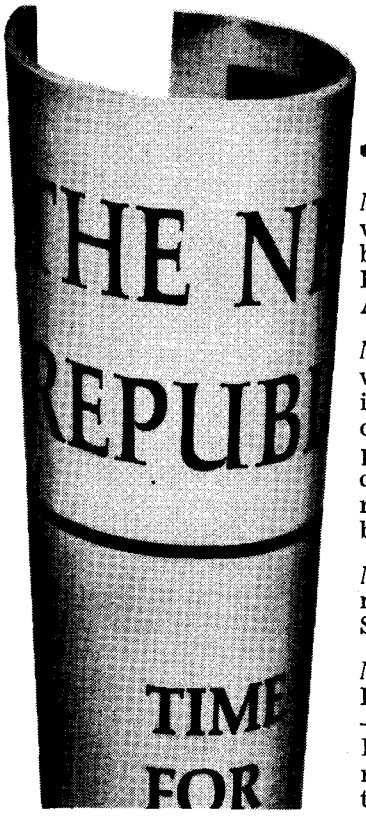

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little world of Malgudi, South India, a world sometimes peopled with caricatures rather than characters, but always in a way that charms and, in inspired moments, mirrors and transcends on a broad human basis the national external differences.

To some extent his example has been followed by a harsh and vibrant northerner, Khushwant Singh, who in *Mano Majra* attempted to reduce the nightmare of partition to the intimate level of the happenings in one village. That the attempt was not entirely successful may be due to the fact that Singh, unlike Narayan, who is chiefly concerned with the timeless aspects of human interaction, has dealt with a dated subject. The memorable aspect of *Mano Majra* is the treatment of partition rather than of character; in Narayan's *The Financial Expert* it is the character of Margayya.

The best novel to come out of India, however, has been Mrs. Jhabvala's *Amrita,* a book that at times seems to have been inspired by Bhabani Bhattacharya's *Music for Mohini* and, in its quiet human and subtle characterization, infinitely surpassed it. Like Narayan, Mrs. Jhabvala has reduced her scene, viewed things of broad, human significance within the narrow, intimate domestic frame of urban northern India. But where Narayan has been able to sustain a deeper penetration of life in the variety of his Malgudi, Mrs. Jhabvala for want of scope has suffered from an increasing tendency to meaningless levity and preoccupation with plot.

Ironically, the most successful novel financially was Kamala Markandaya's *Nectar in a Sieve,* a book-club selection in this country. While her attempt to stray from her own milieu and "write for the outcastes" was courageous, it tends, in rather Brahminical fashion, to sentimentalize the agony and despair of the pariahs. If India had equally powerful book clubs and Lady Astor had written *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* one of them might have selected it for distribution as an accurate and touching portrait of the contemporary American Negro.

With all four writers the problem of language has been primarily circumvented by the use of English. In the absence of a national publishing house with translation facilities sufficient to put a given work into circulation simultaneously in all fourteen major languages, the Indian writer has turned to English. There are certain advantages to this expedient: those in India wealthy enough to buy books speak English anyway; national edicts on Hindi to the contrary, the use of English is fashionable and lends status to the writer in an intellectual climate that places him on a low rung compared with other professions; and an English manuscript is immediately open for consideration by overseas publishers, the real and primary source of income. The disadvantages of English are that Indian writers tend to be drawn from a limited group of dilettantes who must then compete in a language that is not their own. Thus we find R. K. Narayan pausing in archaic fashion to editorialize on Margayya in *The Financial Expert:* "This statement will be better understood if we watch him in his setting a little more closely." Or, at the other extreme, Balachandra Rajan, with a Ph.D. in English from Cambridge, attempting to jazz things up with "Scraps of newspapers and abandoned contraceptives waltzed grimly and obscenely round her ankles, howling their headlines on the latest rape case."

THE MAIN DILEMMA appears to be the critical vacuum, and here the contributions of Kipling and Forster are more misleading than helpful. Kipling, on the one hand, was born and brought up in India and was in the tradition of the Insider who has the Outsider's eyes and can never quite escape the fact. Preoccupied with the broad Victorian melodrama, Kipling possessed a rather parochial view of northern India at the turn of the century, the heyday of the "Empah," and what he had to say and how he said it are about as useful to the Indian writer as a muzzle-loader in a panic.

Forster, in contrast, was neither born in India nor concerned with the long-range view of Indian life. He came as a visitor and produced a one-shot treatment of northern India in the waning light of British rule. Remarkable in its day for its partisan and sympathetic espousal of

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the Indian point of view, *A Passage to India* accomplished little more than modify Kipling's tediously persistent motto "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" by a rather hapless "No, not yet." But from Forster's example, which has gained a literary reputation all out of proportion to its importance, there has arisen a whole school of I-traveled-to-India writers who have capitalized on the Indian scene (mostly to its detriment) and on western ignorance of it, sometimes profitably but, by and large, catering to the bizarre interests of those who regard India as a sort of circus side show.

Moreover, the real Indian tradition, the tradition of Tagore, has been doggedly eschewed by the back-from-England intellectuals who are India's best-known writers. Primarily a poet, Tagore produced a host of short fiction, some of it inspired, much of it of uneven quality. In one of his inspired pieces, "The Hungry Stones," he wrote of an Indian cotton-duty collector who finds himself assigned to live in the isolation of an ancient deserted palace where he is gradually absorbed, and in time almost overwhelmed by, the imaginary influence of India's past. Overtly a rather fanciful ghost tale, it has perhaps a far more profound effect on those who have lived in India than those who have not. For the hungry stones of India's ancient and magnificent past do exert an extraordinary influence on modern India which is trying to grapple with a host of imponderable, external influences in a period of complex and chaotic transition. If anything is to distinguish Indian fiction, if anything would make India's writers less prone to be thought of as "India's Chekhov," or "India's Jane Austen," or India's man in the moon, it would be the varied literary attempt to portray this conflict of the contemporary Indian and his past. Yet, just as the Indian government seeks tourist trade and leaves abandoned the magnificent ruins of Sengi, so the Indian writer seeks to imitate his western counterpart and forsakes his own ancient soil.

Such a situation tends to be encouraged by American publishers. There are all too many Indian writers without real talent or ability who

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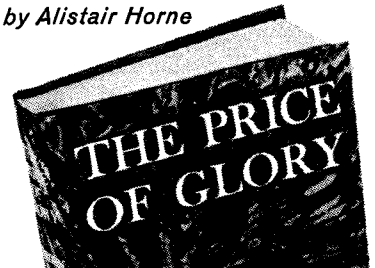

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have been induced to capitalize on their "Indianness" in a way that recalls the Japanese calligrapher who comes to this country, sets himself up as an "artist," and excites the fancy of the ignorant by turning out nothing more than wall-sized Japanese letters. Like the G.I. in the movies startled by the Japanese officer who says, "Ah so, you are surprised I speak your language; you see, I was educated in your country," the American publisher is sometimes taken in by an "India manuscript" through the simple error of confusing exoticness for artistry. In reviewing, the picture is even further confused by a tendency to assign "India books" to people who are "India-traveled." Such a practice would be not unlike giving Alberto Moravia's books for review to the owner of a pizza parlor on the simple-minded premise that Moravia and pizza are both Italian and therefore must go together. Already suffering from the lack of some valid, guiding tradition, the Indian writer has no way of assessing the effectiveness of his contributions in the critical hodgepodge of overseas reaction to it.

Prior to my return to India this year, an American publisher asked me to take a look at Indian writing. This would be like asking a Sicilian on his way back to Sicily to take a look at European writing—meaning everything from Moscow to Madrid, including England, Scandanavia, and possibly a bit else. I protested what seemed to me a rather tall order, and yet this is typical of what we ask of India. We look at a man and his label and make an "image" of him—an image that may or may not have anything to do with the man himself. I suppose it is valid in a certain sense to say that the individual is the sum of his clothes, *x* number of pounds of chemicals, plus seventy-five per cent water. But one does not stir all this together and come up with a human being. By the same token, one does not stir up *x* number of words plus a little curry flavor and a bucket of commercial lubricant and come up with a work of fiction—Indian or otherwise. That, however, is the principle, the certified oriental formula *à l'Américaine*, applied to work that comes out of India.

Bush-League Swift

KENNETH S. LYNN

THE RING LARDNER READER, edited by Maxwell Geismar. *Scribner's. $7.50.*

Scott Fitzgerald once said—or rather, Edmund Wilson caused him to say in one of Wilson's literary parodies—that Ring Lardner was "really not just a popular writer: he's pretty morose about things." Lardner's more recent admirers have gone even further. His celebrated moroseness has not merely caused them to rate him above the ruck of popular writers; it has justified them (or so they think) in comparing his savagery to Swift's, his misanthropy to Mark Twain's, his satirical skill to Pope's. Indeed, his latest editor has even suggested that Lardner's thumbnail-sized plays (which he tossed off in despairing substitution for the more demanding dramas he was unable to compose) "anticipate a Beckett, an Ionesco, or an Edward Albee." Such claims make it clearer than ever that literary criticism desperately needs a Pure Food and Drugs Act.

The early Lardner combined a remarkable alertness to the "mastoid" nuances of Midwestern speech, a sense of humor, a passionate knowledge of baseball, and a reverse-Puritanical loathing for the individualistic virtues of American life. All of these qualities came together in 1914 when he wrote the first Busher stories for George Horace Lorimer's *Saturday Evening Post*. These were the stories that made Lardner nationally known, and deservedly so. Until *You Know Me Al*, the young man from the provinces who sets out for the big city in search of success had always been a hero in American fiction—at least in the early stages of his adventures—but Jack Keefe is a fourflusher right from the start, a bum. Furthermore, no American writer, except perhaps Thorstein Veblen (who did not appear in the *Post*), had ever suggested that baseball players had human failings, but Lardner changed all that, too. The result was a surprisingly penetrating

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and pessimistic commentary on the American scene, set forth in a stream of vernacular stupidities as devastatingly revealing as they are funny.

But the trouble with Lardner was that he was a half-educated man who did not have the least idea how he might go about perfecting his craft—and who in any event was unwilling to try because he was too impatient for success. He was, in sum, more than a little like the Busher, all too eager to coast along on the quick fame that had been the reward of raw talent. It is a familiar American story. Lardner's career furnishes a fine example of Emerson's incisive description of our literary provinciality: ". . . we write away without check of any kind . . . and even feed our complacency thereon, and thus fine wits come to nothing, as good horses spoil themselves by running away and straining themselves."

After the Busher came Alibi Ike, Hurry Kane, and "My Roomy," all imitations of a good idea. Lardner also invented monsters of viciousness like Midge Kelly in "Champion" and Jim Kendall in "Haircut" who knock down cripples and bedevil the simple-minded, and who might have been as memorable as Faulkner's monstrous Snopeses—if only Lardner had been capable of involving them in significant situations. He developed comic formulas about stupid bridge players, henpecked husbands, flannel-mouthed females, and overpriced hotels—and repeated them endlessly, shifting his locale occasionally from New York to Florida to Niles, Michigan (where Lardner was born), in the hope that his readers would mistake a new setting for literary invention. Unable to carry his command of American speech to the stylistic heights that Mark Twain had done or even to find new ways of making the vernacular a satirical instrument (as the young John O'Hara was learning to do), Lardner increasingly relied on gags to maintain narrative interest: "one of my friends whose name is Legion," "pro-German police dog," and the like. Desperate for laughs, he poked fun at human ugliness ("until you were used to her you could think of nothing but her nostrils, where she might easily have carried two after

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dinner mints"), invoked the comic resources of race prejudice ("a couple of Heebs," "dinge orchestra," etc.), and ridiculed the notion that Ring Lardner was a writer:

"The romance of 'Mr. and Mrs. Fix-It,' without ranking with Lardner's best or with his most popular compositions, and betraying here and there a less persistent hold on character than is usual with him, is still a fascinating story, full of his peculiar sensuousness and pathos, with striking scenes vividly portrayed, and an advance on his previous farces as respects his constantly growing power of imaginative description."

His self-condemnations were, of course, not just jokes; they were also cries of pain. For Lardner was a sensitive man who measured the extent of his failure with a deadly accuracy which his stupendous drinking bouts never dimmed. The moroseness his friends took as a sign of his artistic profundity was in fact the badge of a Puritan conscience that never ceased to remind him how superficial his writing was. At the heart of Lardner's misanthropy was a self-hatred—which he guiltily expressed in his writing, over and over again. You can see the self-hatred in the mocking title he gave to the collection of his work that appeared in the mid-twenties, *How to Write Short Stories;* in his eagerness to deflate the reputation of Eugene O'Neill and other serious writers of the era; and in characters like Jim Kendall: small-town jokers whose sense of fun is eternally bent upon destruction, never upon creation. «»

A Limit To Rapture

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

ITALIAN JOURNEY (1786-1788), by Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Translation and Introduction by W. H. Auden and Elizabeth Mayer; 42 color plates, 24 illustrations in black and white. *Pantheon. $25.*

Goethe was thirty-seven when he took a year's leave of absence from his position of eminence in Weimar and departed more or less incognito to pay the northerner's homage to Italian sunlight, the classicist's devotions in the temples of the "sublime." He crossed the Brenner Pass, looking upward to observe the attraction mountaintops have for clouds, looking down to distinguish a great variety of stones, listing them meticulously. "Now," he wrote, "a few words about the plant life . . ." There must exist, he was certain, an essential form from which all plants descend.

Presently the rapid mountain streams flowed toward the Adriatic. Then Goethe walked in the first Italian cities, Verona with its arena, Vicenza with its Palladian theatre and villas, Padua with its Mantegna paintings, and then a boat carried him down the Brenta Canal, bordered by country houses, to Venice.

The rapture mounted. That would be the difficulty—the placing of Pelion upon Ossa. For Rome lay ahead with the moon over the Colosseum, gentle Raphael, lordly Michelangelo in the Sistine, the tombs on the Appian Way, the Campagna—and the need to find something to say, not too provincial, not too severe but unyielding all the same, about the Pope, the singing, and the candles—the visible characteristics of a Christian and Roman civilization that in plain fact enabled Goethe to come on a pilgrimage to the sublimity of Greece and Rome. He found it easy to deal with the candles: they smudged the painted ceilings.

Naples too lay ahead. Vesuvius conveniently poured out a great flow of lava for him; Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Paestum provided a scale by which to measure the life of the ancients; the bay—German and Swiss artists were busy painting it in gouache—shimmered in the spring light. Goethe's incognito had worn off a bit by now, and so there was dinner in a great palace at the side of an arrogant little princess. There was also Sir William Hamilton's little English Emma, posing in Greek costume amid Sir William's curios, awaiting, blankly and unplanning, as if she were some Greek maiden on a rock, the arrival of a great fleet, to be ravished by a great admiral.

And still the rapture grew. For now it was Sicily with its temples still erect, Segesta, Agrigento,

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their columns finer than those at Paestum: "The tops of the flowering thistles were alive with butterflies; wild fennel, its last year's growth now withered, stood eight or nine feet high and in such profusion and apparent order that one might have taken it for a nursery garden. The wind howled around the columns as though they were a forest, and birds of prey wheeled, screaming, above the empty shell."

Sicily marked Goethe's furthest progress toward Greece, the fount of classicism. It never seems to have occurred to him to go all the way and drink at the source. At Messina he re-embarked for Naples. During the passage a dead calm and treacherous currents combined to threaten shipwreck. It is very difficult to believe, but Goethe in all solemnity found it advisable to point out to his terrified fellow passengers that on a memorable occasion Christ had "commanded the wind to rest, and now, if it should be His will, He can command the wind to stir." "These words," he added, "had an excellent effect."

PARADISE revisited is no longer Paradise: after Sicily these travel memoirs change even in their form; there are set pieces, a brief life of Saint Philip Neri, in whom Goethe seemed to perceive certain Protestant elements that pleased him greatly; a rather flat account of the Roman carnival; further speculation about the essence, in the philosophical sense, of the plant. Indefatigably, Goethe continued to draw, paint and sculpt, and work on his plays and poetry. But more and more there was an awareness that all good things must come to an end, that he had been reborn in Italy but that this new life had to be lived in the cold northern mists out of which a good German should never wander too long. The sunlight could endure in memory.

The delightful and numerous illustrations by artists of Goethe's time go far to justify the book's price; a deft preface shows that the translators are not oppressed by any presupposition of Goethean majesty. The amateur of Italian travels will insert Goethe, conveniently both in time and quality, between the Président de Brosses and Stendhal.

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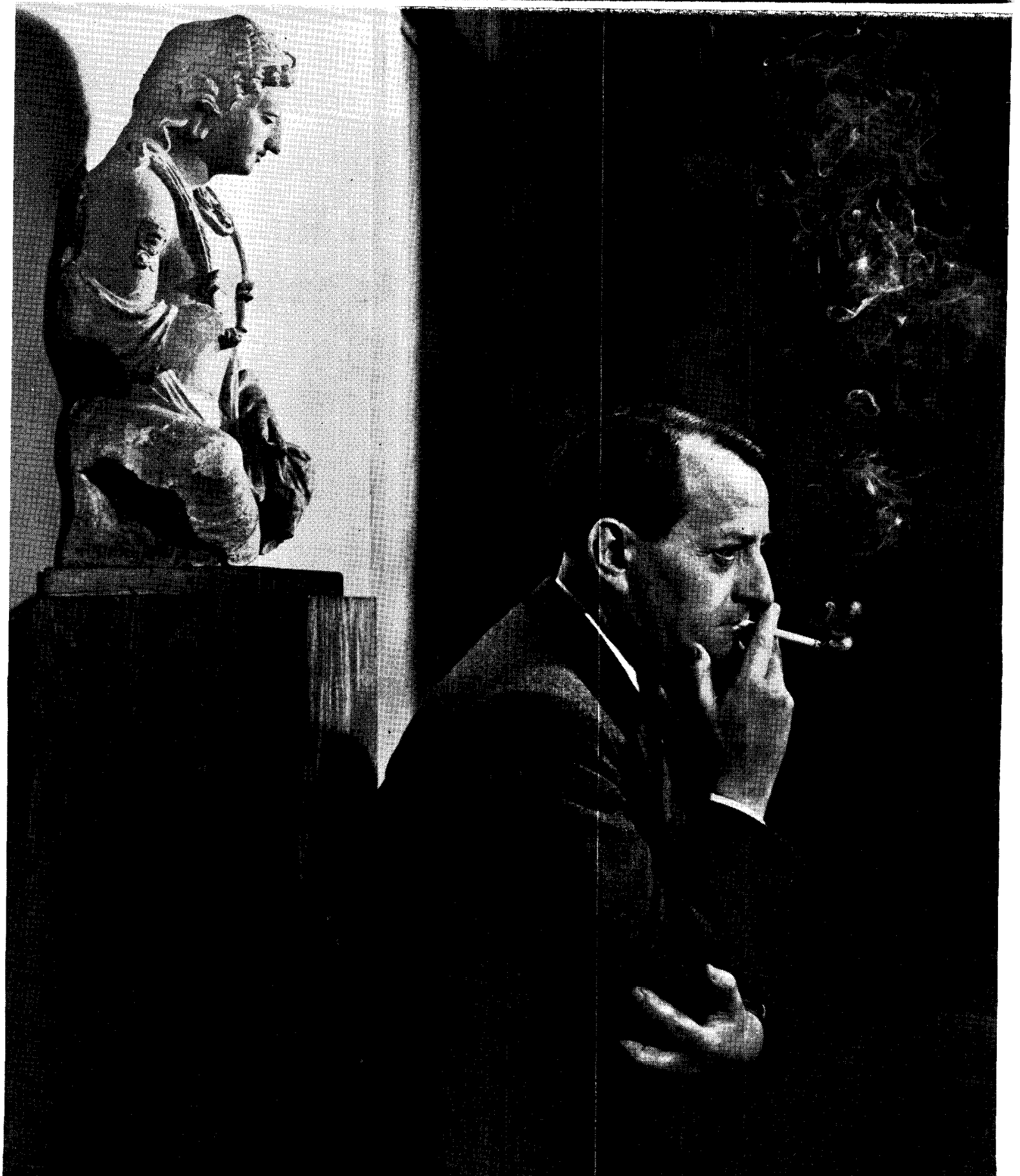

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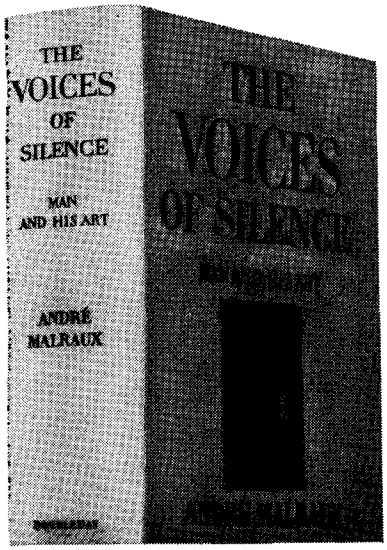

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ANDRÉ MALRAUX

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THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue
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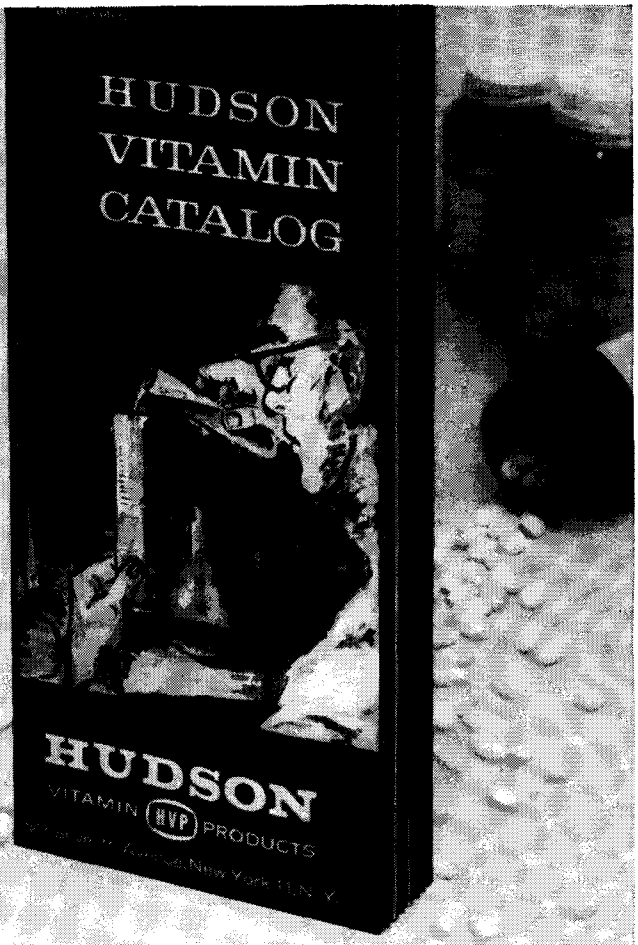
the book that shook the vitamin industry



Now—read the vitamin book that America couldn't believe at first . . .

. . . the book that changed the vitamin buying habits of more than two million American families from coast-to-coast . . .

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. . . and the book that proved you could buy QUALITY as well as ECONOMY!

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The HUDSON CATALOG is only available through the mail . . . no salesmen call or visit. Write for the free catalog and discover how inexpensive vitamins CAN be when purchased from HUDSON, one of the world's leading vitamin companies.

Facts not Fiction

Here are two examples from the Hudson Vitamin Catalog (there are over 100). These will give you an idea of the Hudson money-saving pricing policy.

1) A therapeutic multiple vitamin formula, comparable to another well-known brand selling for as much as $7.45 per 100**

Hudson Price $3.25

2) A very popular multiple vitamin formula, comparable to another national brand, taken once-a-day selling as high as $3.11 per 100**

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Hudson Vitamins
have been awarded both the
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*On Fair Trade prices of certain comparable products in areas where Fair Traded.

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CHOOSE ANY THREE of the books shown here FOR $1 EACH in a short trial membership...

IN WHICH YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES—AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES—WITHIN A YEAR

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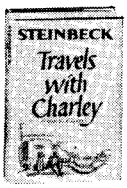

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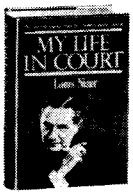

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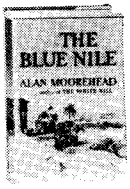

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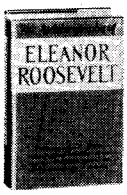

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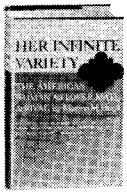

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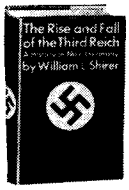

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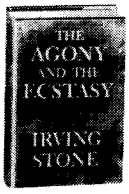

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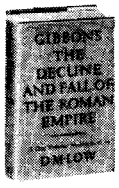

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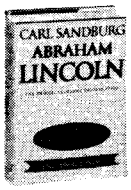

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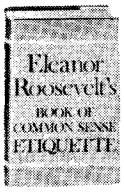

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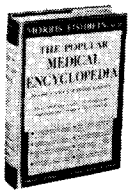

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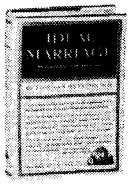

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